

BEAUTIFUL
LIFE . .
OF
ELIZABETH
KRECKER .



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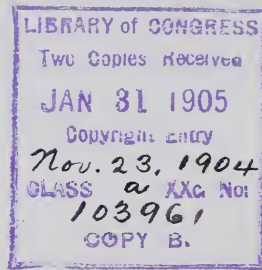
Beautiful Life of
Mrs. Elizabeth Krecker

By
MISS ADA MARIE KRECKER



1905
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE
UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH
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TO THE MANY FRIENDS
OF
Mrs. Elizabeth Krecker
WHO CHERISH HER MEMORY,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

Preface.

This little volume—the biography of Mrs. Elizabeth Kreckler, President of the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Evangelical Church, and General Organizer of Woman's Missionary Societies, presents itself to the members of our church and especially to the women of the Missionary Society, making no plea for itself—the beautiful story of a beautiful, saintly life, will, we are sure, commend it to all its readers.

The little book, the material of which has been gathered from many sources and woven into her life's story by the skillful hand of a loving and faithful daughter, will be warmly welcomed by not only the women of the church who were associated with her in the work of the Woman's Missionary Society, but many who knew her who are not members of the church will be glad to read the connected history of her influential and beautiful life.

It is not only a sweet spirited, consecrated Christian woman that is seen in these pages but a grand, capable, aggressive, successful worker and leader in the Lord's army as well. She was a pioneer missionary from our church to a foreign land,—to Japan. The name had a deep meaning to her, it was for Japan her efforts were put forth, her prayers offered, it was there a great sorrow came to her life. Japan's soil drank her widowed tears and received the precious body of her best beloved.

Returning from abroad at a critical time in her church's history, she took up with rare grace and unexpected resources, the leadership of the Woman's

Missionary forces and organized and led them on to a most successful issue.

Not with an imperious but a gentle spirit, relying on the strong hand of her God, she so wrought that when her work was finished she had won the sincere and spontaneous tribute of a church's praise.

The following words written by one who knew her, will express the estimate:—To the missionary cause Mrs. Krecker gave the best she had to offer—her time, the benefit of her experience and much of her means—all with a cheerful heart. She was never happier than when solving problems for the cause she loved so well—how to reach the uninterested and how to help the willing ones to a better knowledge of the work.

Advanced in thought, she perceived a mission could be planted in China—which was done.

We have had the benefit of the wisdom and the tenderest thoughts of Mrs. Krecker. Upon us rests the responsibility of carrying on the work. It remains for each to do her best, and only her best.

To two of the members of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Missionary Society, we are largely indebted for the publication of this book, they having entire charge of the manuscript after it left the hands of the writer.

Contents.

CHAPTER I.

A Soul Beautiful,	9
-----------------------------	---

CHAPTER II.

“ Little Lizzie,”	18
-----------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

With Dr. Krecker in Japan,	32
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

“ Mutterchen,”	67
--------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

“ The Frances Willard of Our Woman’s Missionary Society,”	84
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

Up to the Beautiful City of Light,	127
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Though Being Dead She Yet Speaketh,	152
---	-----

APPENDIX.

Mrs. Krecker’s Last Letters to the Woman’s Board of Missions,	166
“ The Woman’s Missionary Society at Camp-Meetings,	168
President’s Annual Address, 1895,	174
President’s Annual Address, 1896,	184
President’s Annual Address, 1898,	197
President’s Annual Address, 1902,	221

CHAPTER I.

A SOUL BEAUTIFUL.

'A sweet, attractive kind of grace, a full assurance

"Your face is a benediction to me."

"Every one here speaks of her beautiful face."

"It would seem that these lines:

giv'n by looks

'Continual comfort in a face, the lineaments of
Gospel books.'

must have been suggested by a face very like unto hers."

"If ever I knew a woman whose face clearly mirrored the beautiful soul that dwelt within—that face was your mother's."

"Hers was a rarely beautiful soul."

"She was my idea of Solomon's model woman in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs.

"She was my ideal woman."

"I think I gave her a sort of worship from afar."

With glowing, golden words such as these which are culled fairly at haphazard from many others as handsome and as fervent, all seemed to enter into the rare presence of Mrs. Kreckler, delighting from the first moment in the lovely person and mien whose comeliness of flesh and feature were illumined and transfigured by the inwardly fair, and whose grace and winsomeness seemed under the spell of some spiritual enchantment, instantly ushering the

spectator into the chambers of a fine spirit whereof the exterior was but the alluring reflection.

"Your face is a benediction to me," Dr. Hudson Taylor, the celebrated missionary, said, as he presented himself without ceremonious introduction to the unusually beautiful and charming little woman near him whose sweet dignity was the sweeter for its suggestion of shyness and whose affability lost no cordiality for its frank reticence.

Characteristically coy was Mrs. Kreckler's manner as she repeated this distinguished tribute with native and pretty simplicity to her daughter. "Yes, compliments are something I get plenty of," she said. During another cozy chat with the same daughter on the same topic she observed, "I think it is because I study how to please."

Studying how to please and succeeding in pleasing as Mrs. Kreckler studied and succeeded is a sweet art which needs gentle abandon of self in others and a heart quite consecrated to its task of growing in grace; of pleasing man by being pleasing to God. "I think," says a precious friend, "that the prevailing sentiment in all Mrs. Kreckler's letters was the desire to know God's will so that she might learn to do it."

It was this longing to render her soul as a sweet sacrifice unto the Lord and to have it wholly pleasing to Him that glorified all her sweet and lovely words and deeds and ways. For sweet and lovely they all were with a gentleness and amiability, all pervasive and quite perfect, characterizing every expression of her face and each word and movement.

To these as elements of her winsome personality, must be added her singularly felicitous speech which illustrated Solomon's apples of gold in pictures of silver, ever fitly chosen to express the heart's sincerity and the faithful mental judgment while even under very critical circumstances, offering to the listener's ear nothing that would create disharmony. This was perhaps the easier for her because, while alert to see and enjoy and speak of the merits of others and vividly to appreciate every kindness and favor, her mind instinctively blinded itself to shortcomings and slights and injuries; or, if these could not be veiled, regarded them with an untainted forgiveness which cherished no resentment to those who wittingly or unwittingly wounded, and could still admire their commendable traits.

A bright and beloved niece relates, "One thing that made a vivid and lasting impression on my mind while a young lady, occurred while Aunt Elizabeth was paying us a visit. I came into our home from teaching public school, and being thoroughly disgusted with a certain individual, I said to Aunt Elizabeth, 'Oh, he's "no good."' Then Aunt Elizabeth came close to me and said so gently, 'Now, my dear Myra, never say of any one that they are "no good," for there is some good, some spark of the divine in every being, though it may not yet have been discovered. It is our duty and privilege to seek for the good in people and do what we can to aid them in developing the good. We should follow Frances Willard's advice: "Let us tell all the good things we may, and think as little evil as we can,

that we may have little to tell but good, and then let us tell it out and keep on telling it." Will you try, my dear?' She did that so sweetly I never shall forget it, and what's more, I tried as never before to seek for the good in people's lives and was so much happier for it."

Perhaps only those who knew her intimately can apprehend the solicitude with which this sweet and gentle lady, who studied how to please God and man, shielded others from gossip and prevented scandal from going any further through her instrumentality. There were times when those near and dear to her had to go hundreds of miles to hear what she would not repeat of near-by happenings.

With this happy insight for the bright and beautiful in character came a twin perception of the good in events, a rosy and tranquil optimism born of faith that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. Or, if worries gnawed at her heart they were effectually screened by the happy light kept always aglow on her face. So that few indeed penetrated to the troubled spirit within.

But illuminating all her charming virtues like an aureole round her soul was the divine light of her spirituality. Her heart revelled in high meditations and found sweetest refreshment in prayer. "I do not know of an address made by her at any time in which she did not emphasize the importance of prayer, and all through her public work she evidenced her own complete and perfect submission to the Father's will. After she was no longer able to engage actively in the Woman's Missionary So-

ciety work, her prayer went up continually for the success of this undertaking so dear to her heart and in which she was such an important factor. At one time she wrote, 'Daily in the morning hour among those upon whom I ask God's blessing are our Woman's Missionary Society workers.' "

Her favorite religious readings pertained to the "Higher Christian Life,—such as Andrew Murray's, F. B. Meyers, Upham's, Mrs. Phœbe Palmer's, Anna Shipton's, Frances Havergal's, and Dr. Boardman's, particularly Upham's and Murray's.

Intellectually she was gifted with a wide-awake, eager mentality which thirsted for knowledge, delighted in intellectual problems and feasted on the solidest sort of reading. Intricate mathematical problems she enjoyed working out quite alone, and while in Japan ambitiously carried her studies beyond the Japanese into an ardent quest of the curious and tantalizing Chinese characters. When Mr. W. J. White published a book on the hieroglyphics of the Celestial Empire, he presented her with a copy.

Lester F. Ward's "Pure Sociology," which many a college bred woman finds dry and deep, she relished with zest, particularly his analysis of the "instinct for workmanship," the history of the development of man's capacity for labor and the story of woman's economic descent and ascent. On reading Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "Woman and Economics," she wrote home: "It is very interesting and suggestive. I want every one of you people at home to read it. If I knew you wouldn't buy

it, I would buy it and send it home." This breadth of mental grasp impelled her to appreciate truth wherever found and to enjoy all writers and speakers albeit of widely variant views, from whom she could receive light, thus ever enlarging her horizon.

This expanding magnitude of view is best known to those who knew her best, to those to whom she gave of herself the most freely, and, as is somewhat notable, it was reinforced with her years, so that there seemed to be no effort for the woman in her fifties to cast aside traditional ideas long entertained when sound reason proved them untenable. "New" and "modern" held no alarms for her mind so long as they expressed a nearer approach to the live fact. Her son, Mr. Preston Stewart Kreckler, of New York City, alludes to her "wide range of sympathies especially with woman's progress. You know how much broader she was than any one church, how no sectarian narrowness restricted her view of life and society. Her own mission work with which she was immediately connected interested her most of course, but all mission work and all church work interested her. But she was much broader than this. All work aiming at the uplifting of woman, and all looking to betterment of humanity did as well."

Human advancement in its finest and loftiest sense was verily Mrs. Kreckler's watchword and in all its phases found her its champion. In woman's progress she was with the latest viewpoint, looking forward to a world which neither man nor woman dominated, but where both lived and worked togeth-

er in harmony as genuine companions. A topic of practical interest was personal health and hygiene where she again was with the van guard of thought, and appreciated and practiced recent theories on food, dress and other conditions of daily bodily existence. All that interests advanced human beings interested Mrs. Kreckler, and it was with the broadest, the most tolerant and the most far-sighted that she linked her sympathies. In nothing was she narrow.

Perhaps even more characteristic than Mrs. Kreckler's lavish breadth of mind was her mental balance, the sturdy common sense, the judgment sound and non-committal, the vivid sense of the logical, the acute foresightedness, the fineness in dealing with problems and people, the robust propensity to avoid extremes and pursue the golden mean of the middle path, which distinguished all her daily walk and conversation. While teachable, open-minded, generous, impressible, pliant, in thought and conduct, Mrs. Kreckler was usually mistress of a matter.

"With all her excellencies it is to be borne in mind that she possessed a great deal of diffidence, and she did not seem more than half aware of her gifts."

As a woman pure and simple, Mrs. Kreckler loved all that the normal woman loves, in home and society. She enjoyed people as well as her solitude and all the good things of life and was apt in adapting herself to all sorts of conditions or persons and conditions, lending herself to the require-

ments of the moment. She was fond of all delicate personal belongings, and sometimes when seeing a handsome toilette would remark that, "that was the sort of clothes she had always thought she would like to wear." Tasteful simplicity and immaculate neatness distinguished her attire, and, as an old-time friend observed to a daughter, after commenting pleasantly on a new frock of Mrs. Kreckler's, "But then your mother always looks nice." Mrs. Kreckler was dainty and painstaking and neat to an extreme degree of nicety in all the details of housekeeping, darned stockings as they are rarely seen darned, and sewed with such trim care that in the days when she gave more time to housewifely accomplishments, her friends often begged her to help them with some particularly fastidious piece of handiwork.

Finally, she was a very careful cook. Her daughter, Marguerite, Mrs. Ralph Waterman Vincent, of East Orange, New Jersey, relates that her mother-in-law "frequently speaks of her (Mrs. Kreckler's) success in preserving fruit in its various forms. A Mrs. ——— one summer got her recipe for canning plums, they were so well put up; and Mrs. ——— is considered very excellent in such matters."

"As a wife," continues Mrs. Vincent, "she was deeply interested in all that concerned her husband, and always thought first what was most beneficial for the larger development of his character, cheerfully sacrificing everything for that end." To this it may be supplemented that while depending on him with a reliance that was sweet and dear to her,

she was his own wise counsellor, whose judgments he habitually consulted on matters large and small.

Mrs. Jacob Hartzler, who was Mrs. Krecker's closest friend in Japan, and held ever in loving regard, termed her "A model wife and a fond mother. She always made home happy. She was wise as well as good, and very helpful to her excellent husband in his work for God. She never lost sight of the spiritual and eternal welfare of her children. The death of her husband was a deep bereavement, but her fortitude springing from God, made her strong, and enabled her to bear up nobly under the most trying circumstances, and to accomplish much for the Master. On the day of her precious husband's departure for his heavenly home, one of the children said, 'What a precious legacy our father left us!' What these dear children then said of their sainted father they can now say of their sainted mother also. What a debt of gratitude they owe their sainted parents!"

It would be remote from any desire of Mrs. Krecker's to have her portrait painted as ideal. But rather than look for any blemishes in a soul so nearly faultless, it may not be amiss to recall her own comments on a photograph. After alluding to its imperfection she concluded with, "But why speak of the defects? you can see them for yourself." Human Mrs. Krecker was, yet withal so permeated with the divine that to see her seemed always "to praise her," and "to know her was to love her."

CHAPTER II.

"LITTLE LIZZIE."

It was among Pennsylvania's gardens of fair and fertile field and happy valley, on the first day of August, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-four, that Elizabeth Landis Oberholtzer was born, a fit flower for the fair gardens in which she blossomed, "a true picture from Nature," as her school-master said, "of innocence, purity, beauty and loveliness."

There still rests on the brow of a low hill off the main road of the original Terre Hill, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a rambling old house with a famous big cherry tree near by and apple orchards sloping off to the fields. It stood on one of eight goodly farms stretching out fraternally side by side, the estates of eight brothers, gifts of their father, Isaac Martin Oberholtzer, whose Huguenot ancestor had come with his brother from the Alsatian Mountains, Switzerland, early in the eighteenth century to escape the persecution that burned their near kinfolk at the stake at Zurich.

In the village round which these and other farms clustered, an elderly school-master was 'Squire,—Elizabeth Oberholtzer's maternal grandfather, 'Squire Landis, widely known for his gentle character, his delicately chiseled face, his intelligent mind and his liberal views. All these admirable qualities he had transmitted to his lovely daughter, Mary,



BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. KRECKER.

wife of Isaac Oberholtzer, "a beautiful woman of fine cut features and splendid form, while her genial nature and amiable disposition endeared her to all with whom she became associated." She is still remembered for her pretty white dresses, which were an exceptional daintiness for the wife of a farmer, and for her clever horsemanship, an unusual accomplishment in the simple village. "She was created in too fine a mould to endure all the labors, trials and care of this life, and died at an early age, leaving eight little children. Elizabeth was three years old and perhaps something of a pet with her father. How he set her on his knee beside the stove to teach her the letters wrought in iron, and how at the age of three, through his tutelage, she had learned to spell out the texts in his Bible, she long after recalled. She remembered, too, that he loved to gather the whole family to see anything special about the farm or home which he had accomplished, and, that as a lay minister he was much in demand in the vicinity, particularly at funeral ceremonies where exceptionally able discourses were wanted to appeal to those who might otherwise never hear a sermon.

This little pet and her younger sister, Emmeline, wife of Dr. B. H. Miller, of Mohns Store, Pennsylvania, were named by "Old Mother Kinzer," of Terre Hill, "after some great personages," as she relates, adding in pleased reminiscence of her proteges, that "Elizabeth and Emmeline were the most beautiful girls in that section and were known as the belles of the village."

But long ere celebrity as a belle was hers, Elizabeth had become famous in her quiet little farm circle as being always "very helpful and kind even when but a mere child." At one time Mrs. Miller tells that "After mother's death Elizabeth took the broom and wanted to sweep when the house-keeper sent her away saying, 'You can not sweep.' Elizabeth felt very much disappointed, for she felt she should have been given a trial; she was eager to learn how to do things well. She was very fond of visiting Aunt Betsy Watts; Cousin Elizabeth Watts would invite some little girls, cousins and others, and teach them to sew; have a nice little party to make rugs or some fancy work or to sew carpet-rags, and Elizabeth was so delighted with what she learned and the kindness shown to her, that she never forgot it. I think Mr. Grove was her first school-teacher; he used to carry Lizzie to school when she was only four years of age, and made quite a pet of his little school-girl, who was a bright pupil. She always enjoyed going to Sunday-school and service and wished to join the church at eight years of age, while she taught a class in Sabbath-school while very young. In those days we did not mind winter's snow and slush, nor summer's heat and rains, and as young girls we never missed a service unless we had to remain at home with the smaller children. What a regular attendant at church our father was!"

Long years after when "Little Lizzie" re-visited the fond scenes of her childhood, she observed: "It seems to me the greatest blessing with which God

in His infinite goodness has favored me is pious parents, who early inculcated the doctrine of the religion of Jesus Christ into the minds and hearts of their children. All other blessings under the guidance of my heavenly Father center around this greatest of all. It is because I was born of pious parents, who early taught me to lisp the name of Jesus that I cannot remember when that sweet sound first reached my ear. And it is because my godly parents took me to Sabbath-school in my very infancy that I cannot remember when I first went to the Fairville Sunday-school, this Sunday-school which I consider the second greatest blessing with which, through the mercy of God, I have been blessed.

"It is here, through one of my answers in the question-book, that I learned the important truth that without faith it is impossible to please God. And I not only learned that truth, but in connection with the precious truth that through faith in Jesus we have eternal life, it was indelibly impressed upon my mind and heart. And to-day I thank God for the faith I have in him; for I believe he will cause all things to work together for good to those who love the Lord. And that sustaining promise 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee' is inexpressibly precious to me, because I believe it. Another verse which was deeply engraved upon my mind and heart in this Sunday-school is 'God is the rewarder of all who diligently seek him.'

"It was longer, and consequently harder to commit to memory than some others. But while many

other short ones have been forgotten, this one was firmly fixed in my memory. And it caused me to look to God for my reward, and an inexpressibly great blessing has this proved to me. Had I gone forth in the path which was plainly marked out for me, in the expectation of receiving my reward from men, how sad would have been the disappointments. He gives unmistakable evidence that he is pleased with their consecration to him and with the willing, though feeble efforts with which they may be able to win souls for his kingdom.

"The first that I can remember about this Sunday-school is when I was a member of Hannah Snader's German class, on the left side of the platform, in the basement of the old church. As that was the only available opportunity I have ever had of studying German, it is with gratitude that I remember that class and Hannah's labor of love in the Sunday-school. After a time Maria Pliem was appointed our teacher. Her kindness, her pleasant manner and the interest manifested in her class will always be remembered with pleasure and profit.

"It was during the time that she taught this class, that there was some rivalry between our class and a class of which the Rev. Amos Stirk was a member. If I remember correctly, the Rev. William Chime was also a member of that class. There were prizes offered to those who had answered the most questions within a given time. Sometimes a member of their class would get the highest prize and again one of our class would get it. I still have a few books thus obtained, Hannah Moore and Leigh

Richmond being the authors of the books. One is 'The Annals of the Poor,' and the other 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' It was through the reading of these books that I was first inspired to *do* good as well as to *be* good. It was through the influence of these books that I first received a desire to live for Jesus, to devote my life to his service and to win souls for his kingdom."

Of these same early days, Mrs. Kreckler's brother, William, of Sioux City, Iowa, says: "From her youth up she was a very thoughtful girl; the whole atmosphere of her parental home was deeply religious and severely unworldly; there was a strain of asceticism in the family, which while it did not destroy the native warmth of her nature, yet exerted a marked influence upon her character, and served to color some of her theological views; it is not surprising that this impressible girl gave her heart to Jesus at an early age and united with the church, encouraged by a remark of the pastor, who said that they could 'use small stones as well as large ones in the walls of the building.' A knowledge of her talents and gifts, both of head and heart, suggests at once that she was destined to a career of more than usual force; with a mind endowed as was hers, and a thirst for knowledge as she had, a girl will educate herself.

A cousin of Mrs. Kreckler's, Mrs. Sue L. Hain, remembers what a bright scholar and exceedingly pleasant girl she was even at the age of six years.

Anna Kinzer McIlvaine, of Philadelphia, a daughter of the Mrs. Kinzer who gave Elizabeth her hand-

some name, relates: "I found in this dear little girl, who was older than her years in sweet wisdom above the ordinary, a companion even in her childhood which made up in a measure the loss of her sister to me. My brother was her teacher for several years, and one whom he took the most profound interest in, as she was a very bright scholar, and an exemplary Christian."

This brother, W. H. H. Kinzer, of Lancaster, school-mate and teacher and life-long friend of Mrs. Krecker, has kept green the memory of those long ago days of one of his "best friends and one of the best women that ever lived."

"The families of Oberholtzers and Kinzers," he recalls, "lived on adjoining farms and were always on the most friendly terms. Their children grew up together, attended the same school,—shared in each other's joys and sorrows and thus lived in harmony and sympathy for three generations. Now they are all gone and these once happy homes are occupied by strangers, and the old families are resting in the cemeteries or living many miles away from the homes of their childhood.

"Little Lizzie, as we always called her, was left, with her sisters, without a mother at an early age, just at the time when the loving care of a mother was most needed; however she had the good influence of a Christian father, who was an exemplary man in his home, a father in the church, an intense worker and a close student of the Bible, a genial companion and a good friend. By following up the line of duty which meant much hard work it greatly

benefitted her physically, and she grew up in the bloom of health and learned the lessons of economy and industry which aided her in her success in later years.

"I knew her when a little child and can remember as a school-mate, when for the first day she came to school. From her home on the hillside, near the school, she trudged along with her sister Annie to school.

"Annie Oberholtzer was a loving companion of my sister Annie, now Mrs. McIlvaine. They were of the same age and sat on the same seat together while at school. It was the best seat in the rear of the room and the highest one, where the biggest girls always sat.

"These two big girls perched her on the high bench right between them, with her little feet dangling down half-way to the floor—a timid, smiling, bashful little girl of six years, with dimples and blushes sparkling on her rosy cheeks, for her cheeks were always red as a rose.

"After the first day at school Lizzie came pretty regularly in fair weather, and Annie Kinzer taught her to read before she was seven years old. She was considered too small for the dignified teacher of the school to bother with and waste his time. She however soon developed unusual precocity and remarkable brightness for her age. By a certain law of inheritance this child was a facsimile of her mother, and she inherited her noble virtues and Christian graces as well as her pleasant manners, cheerful disposition and physical beauty, together with her

father's intellectual faculties and earnest devotion to the work of the Master, to which he untiringly devoted his whole life.

"Besides this, she was observant and discerning, ambitious and energetic, full of mirth and hope.

"Her character was brightened and cultured much by her taking impressions from those with whom she associated who were older than herself in the school, the church, and in the social and literary world in which her associations were only limited by her opportunities.

"It was at this time that Mental Arithmetic was introduced into the schools, and it was at this time that Lizzie developed a mathematical mind, mastering this study by readily grasping and solving every problem in Brooks' Mental Arithmetic, in which there are so many intricate problems. It was here that the latent springs of her mind began to be disciplined for that intellectual progress that followed as her opportunities increased.

"In the autumn of 1860 it was my privilege to teach my first session in the old school-house; Lizzie was then one of my pupils. She was the biggest girl in the school and was my brightest pupil. A model scholar in every respect, always cheerful and bright as a diamond, she ranked first in her class. After my school Lizzie, with two of her cousins, attended the Union Seminary. Of those days one of her school-fellows recalls: "My earliest recollections of dear Mrs. Kreckler, are of the time when she first came to Union Seminary, New Berlin, as a student. She was a sweet faced, rosy cheeked girl of seven-

teen. Her amiable disposition and womanly character soon won, not only the respect, but the admiration and love of all her student companions. There was something in her manner and the expression of her face which brought inspiration for a nobler and better life into the hearts of her friends, especially us girl students who were a little younger than herself. I became so much interested in her life that I followed her as she grew to womanhood with an earnest desire to see what her future would be. When my home was in Philadelphia, she came there a happy bride, passing through on her wedding trip. I saw then how beautifully her character had developed. How I rejoiced when she received her call to the mission field, and how my joy increased when I learned that she had been termed the best woman missionary in Japan.

"On her return from the Sunrise Kingdom she stopped at our home for a few days, and then again I had the opportunity to witness the new and increased beauty of her sweet life. But in recent years, I was privileged to see more of this beautiful soul life during her occasional visits to our home, as we conversed about the missionary work in its different phases. Her spirit of humility and gentleness were very remarkable, and with every visit my admiration and love for her increased, while I was truly grateful for the good impressions which she made upon the different members of our family."

After the seminary student days came a few years with her brothers in Indiana and Illinois. Dr. D. L. Oberholzer, of Logansport, Illinois, pictures her at

this time as "comely in form and feature; a devoted, active Christian young woman, gentle, modest, unselfish, kind and courteous. Rev. B. F. Vincent, brother to Bishop J. H. Vincent, was our pastor at Lockport, Illinois, and conducted a "Palestine Class," consisting of a course of study of the Holy Land and its people. Elizabeth was an active, interested member of this class and a good friend of Mr. Vincent."

One year she taught school on the prairies. Her brother, Levi, now of Russel, Kansas, remembers that "One morning, just as she got to the school-house, one of her little pupils came running to meet her with her clothes on fire, and in that emergency she showed much presence of mind by calmly telling the little girl to merely lie down and she took her and rolled her over and over on the ground, and in that way put out the fire without much injury, save a little burning of Elizabeth's hands."

"This was the gayest time of her life," says Mr. Kinzer, "and she enjoyed many pleasures, and entertained and was entertained by many friends. She was a brilliant young lady, just out of her teens, and had many friends and little care or worry. Often she went with sleighing parties many miles across the prairies and she enjoyed many social gatherings.

"At one time she was so enraptured with her gay and pleasant life in the West, that it seemed that the attractions there would make her a Western woman for life, but the love of home, of kindred and her old friends in the East, and the scenes of her childhood and their sacred associations, changed

her mind and turned her thoughts homeward, so that in the autumn of 1864 she returned to her old home. She then taught school at Hinkletown, in 1864 and 1865, and the next fall she was a teacher at Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, two miles from her home. It was while teaching this last school term that she was engaged to Dr. Kreckler, to whom she was married in the spring of 1867."

It was an epoch-making afternoon in 1864, after Elizabeth's return to Terre Hill, that a neighbor asked her to tea to meet Dr. Kreckler, son of the village minister, and a young naval surgeon home on a furlough. After Admiral Farragut's capture of Mobile, where, under a shower of bullets from the enemy, he had passed from ship to ship in a small boat tending the injured, amputating limbs, binding up wounds, and whence he had written his father: "A surgeon must simply do his duty and fear no danger, but trust in God." When Dr. Kreckler was graduated at Philadelphia, his medical instructors had urged him to practice in a city, "for," said they, "a little town would be too small to hold you." He was not only clever in his work and passionately devoted thereto, but a man of acute sensibilities, keen perceptions, sound judgment, and tireless energies, jolly, alert in all his movements, and good company anywhere and everywhere.. He sang and played on his guitar, and doubtless had an irresistible fund of war stories for the young ladies who lionized him this afternoon; and when in the evening he escorted home sweet Lizzie Oberholtzer and turned the lane to wend his way toward the

village, perhaps he did not surmise that she was telling her sister of the day's adventure, saying, "If Dr. Kreckler will ask me to marry him, I'll say 'yes.' "

Not knowing that capitulation had already been made, he walked the floor the night through, as he later confessed, planning how he could win his maid, even when a continent must soon lie between them. Perhaps the young surgeon's knack of writing a chatty, graceful and altogether entertaining letter, studded with clever descriptions of people, places and happenings, stood him in good stead to bridge the distance. At all events, entertaining, chatty and graceful letters, still in existence, reached the fair school-ma'am of Terre Hill in voluminous numbers and sizes, and in time the doctor came too, and not long after a pretty little wedding. That was April, 1867. The bride was dressed in a sheer white frock, which she and her sister had delicately tucked by hand, and which, in another form, has survived to the present day.

Another bridal gown was a brown-figured silk, garnished with silk fringe, worn for the wedding photograph, wherein the bride is seen sitting with ineffable contentment beside her husband. She traveled away on her wedding trip to Philadelphia in a lavender dress edged with narrow lace, which was singularly becoming to her ethentially fair complexion, blue-grey eyes, and soft fine hair of a rare light gold brown, which in the sunlight showed the red tinge loved by artists, and a large leghorn hat

adorned with flowers and tied with slender black velvet streamers under her pretty face.

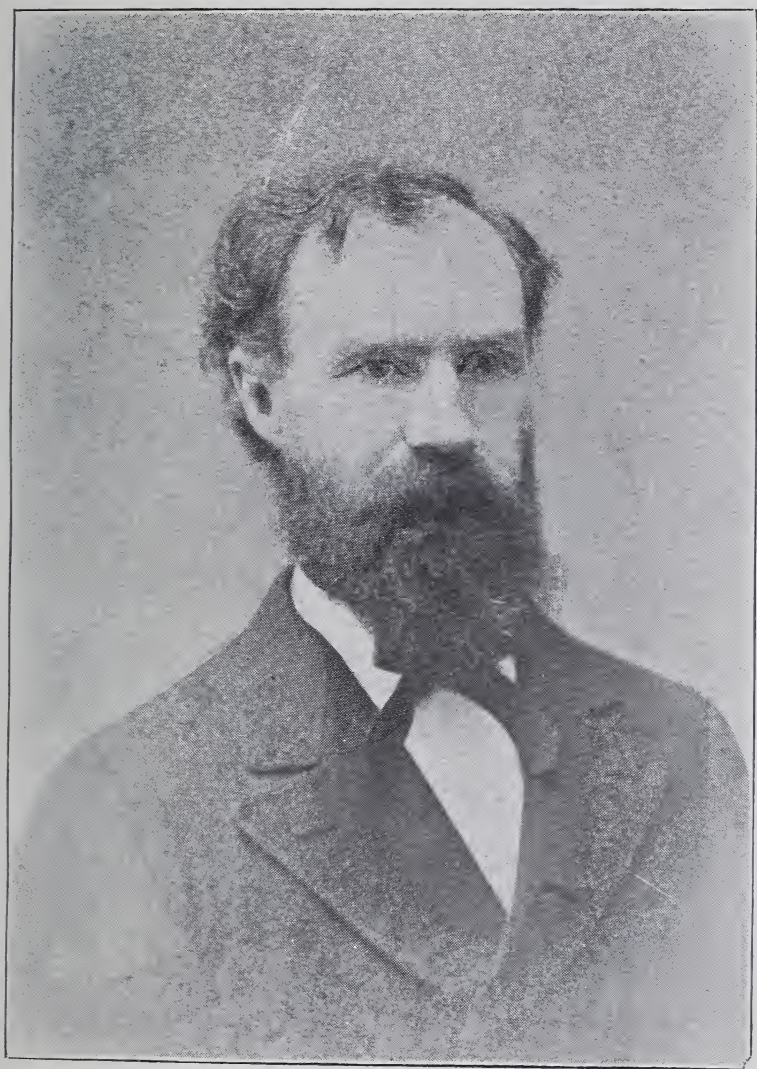
The month of honeyed bliss was largely spent by the doctor in delightedly exhibiting his beautiful bride to his kinsfolk scattered through and near Philadelphia, and of whom was a youth who then and ever after spoke of his new cousin as the "lady with the heavenly smile." But these few weeks of journeying and sight-seeing were after all only the beginning of honeymoon days. Dr. and Mrs. Krecker's honeymoon lasted sixteen years.

CHAPTER III.

WITH DR. KRECKER IN JAPAN.

"I shall never forget a 'God bless you' which she breathed as I, when a little girl in our Sabbath-school, kissed her good-bye upon her departure for Japan." A young matron of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, recalls this pretty incident of the autumn of 1876; and it requires only the memory of any adieu spoken by Mrs. Krecker, ever genial and sympathetic and felicitous of manner, to bring to the eye the spectacle of the lovely lady bending her fair young face and luminous eyes over the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, rosy little Sunday-school scholar who had come with many others with loving, memorable farewells, to Dr. and Mrs. Krecker.

Nine years wed, parents of three children, and for the past few years since the Doctor's retirement from the navy, residents of Lebanon, famous for its mills and mines, the Coleman millions and yet greater riches of landscape, Dr. and Mrs. Krecker had evolved through the struggles of a young practitioner into the solid, easeful prosperity of a thoroughly successful physician, whose prospects provided their brightest and best, when now had come a quick change in the tide of their affairs. Within a half dozen months the face of their earth had changed. A new life was before them. They were bound for Japan.



DR. FREDERICK KRECKER.

Just how and just why they were going to Japan Dr. Kreckler has told in his graphic, sympathetic way:

"I refer with much diffidence to my own connection with this work," said he, in a public farewell at Cleveland, en route to San Francisco, "and yet it appears to be required that I should give a little personal experience. Somewhat over two years ago I began to realize the importance of a more perfect consecration. Hardly knowing what counsels to follow, I resolved to seek the Lord to lead me by his Holy Spirit in the way which he would have me walk. Then first came the thought to my mind that if I would attain to such a state in Christ Jesus, the Lord would call me to the ministry. For a long time I tried to cast it off as a temptation to obstruct my way. But again and again it pressed itself upon me, until finally, for the last year, there was not a waking hour in which it did not present itself to me in some form, until at length I resolved to give up all for Jesus if he required it. After I had taken the step I often wondered why, if the Lord had designed me for the ministry, I was not thus led earlier in life. Why were these years all so apparently wasted. The call came upon me as unexpectedly as it would perhaps to any before me. Innumerable mysterious leadings appeared to open to me and their weight almost to crush me, and I wondered whether, like Moses tending sheep away out in the desert forty years, I too had been led in such a roundabout way, for a greater work, and the call caused many deep,

earnest heart-searchings. Day by day was spent by my dear companion and myself in prayer and consultation over this matter, and, as we looked upon our little ones, and the denials and dangers that beset them, our hearts trembled within us, but to-day we praise the Lord who gives us grace to make even this offering for his glorious cause. In faith and trust we go forward with cheerful hearts, confiding all to his keeping, and praying for grace to follow as he leads."

Fallow, unfruitful years, perhaps, Dr. Kreckler might regard those at Lebanon as he viewed them from the vantage-point of a larger public life, yet they were rich in preparations of the soil to render it fertile in grace and good works for grander future harvests.

It was in Lebanon that Dr. Kreckler became a famous superintendent of the Sunday-school in the Eighth Street Mission, where Mrs. Kreckler had a primary department of nearly, if not fully, one hundred pupils, and it was in the varied activities of that mission whose pioneer members and comradeship were ever held in affectionate remembrance by Dr. and Mrs. Kreckler, that they developed and displayed their interest and zeal and ability in work for the church.

Of the Lebanon era and its fruitage, Mrs. Vincent recalls: "Papa, in a few years time, got a very fine practice, which meant considerable more at that time, soon after the war, than now. Then suddenly to give it all up, to relinquish every cherished hope for poverty and privations—the sacrifice

is almost greater than we can conceive. But it was done, and with no blare of trumpets."

En route for Japan with the young physician and his family were Miss Rachel Hudson, of Philadelphia, sister to a favorite friend of Mrs. Krecker, and the Rev. A. Halmhuber, a young clergyman of Germany.

As the little party passed overland to San Francisco, the "bright scholar" of the Terre Hill schoolmaster is to the fore. Throughout our journey thus far," her husband wrote home, "Mrs. Krecker has been our special guide, seeking information constantly and searching for objects of interest, frequently going out on the platform for this purpose, while the rest of us are busy taking notes for loved ones at home."

And in another letter: "Shortly after leaving we had a heavy shower, and then a most magnificent sunset, over which Mrs. Krecker went into ecstasies. Beneath were long, high ranges of dark mountains, with heavy masses of dark clouds overhead, while between them the glorious sunlight was reflected in every shade of crimson and gold.

"When we awoke next morning we were in the midst of a sandy desert, the sand in some places towering up mountains high, in others assuming every imaginable shape, many resembling tents, marquees, and immense monuments raised by human hands. Presently the train stopped for breakfast, at Green River station, Wyoming Territory, the most deserted, forlorn-looking spot in America:

we stepped out on an exploring expedition with the following result:

"Breakfast of mutton hash, sour bread, bad coffee, tough steak, and dried potatoes, to be had at the Desert House for one dollar. Stepped into a restaurant with this result: cup of coffee, 25 cents; slice of dried beef, two by three inches, 10 cents; slice of bread, three by four inches, 15 cents; one egg, 5 cents. It is said of a certain place that they lived by catching fish and skinning strangers. At Green River the fish are evidently dispensed with!

"From here the road ascends rapidly and soon we are on a vast, sandy plain, dotted all over with little tufts of sage bush. The snow-clad Uintah Mountains, seventy miles to the south, with rich sky of blue, and gray and golden above, presented a beautiful panorama, even in the midst of the desolation. The peculiar effects of stormy weather and floods in the past, has carved the bluff lines into the most curious and fantastic forms—lofty domes and pinnacles, and fluted columns resembling some cathedral of olden time. Maggie just remarked, 'O mamma! there's one looks like a church, with three steeples and a nice little door.'

"In 1870 a geological expedition, headed by Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, visited the 'Bad Lands,' and made a geological examination. They were accompanied by a small force of troops. Hour after hour the party marched over burning sand hills, without rocks or trees or signs of water, while the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in the shade of the wagons. Finally, one of the soldiers, ex-

hausted with heat and thirst, exclaimed, 'What did God Almighty make such as this for?' 'Why,' remarked another more devout trooper, 'God made the country good enough, but it is this geology the professor talks about, that spoils it all.'

"In looking about the car, I see Maggie has found her way to the other end and picked up an acquaintance with some little folks whom she is interesting, while Preston has found a seat by the side of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, intently investigating the mysteries of Indian life from a series of illustrations, and presently Ada is perched on the knee of the Pullman conductor and giving him an extract of her history."

Of the voyage over the Pacific, Dr. Kreckler says that: "On Wednesday, October 18th, after having spent four days very pleasantly in San Francisco, seeing the sights and receiving many kind attentions from our dear friends, accompanied by many members of our little flock in that city we wended our way to the wharf and took passage in the splendid steamer "Oceanic," of the Occidental and Oriental Line, for the Sunrise Kingdom.

"The sun shone beautifully after the storm of the night, and at noon we cast off and swung out into the bay, committing ourselves to him who rules the waves and holds the sea in the hollow of his hand. Taking places on the upper deck, we waved adieu to the warm-hearted little band on the pier until their salutes could no longer be distinguished in the dim distance, and then, as our noble ship

rounded the front of the city, we had a fine view of its shipping and numerous fine buildings. Presently our attention was directed toward the ocean, which was now in view between the high portals of the "Golden Gate," through which we had a fine passage, and soon we were in blue water, out upon the bosom of the great Pacific.

With the exception of the officers, the whole crew are Chinamen. They appear to be quite efficient, and as waiters they are certainly far superior in prompt, quiet attentiveness to the sometimes pompous genus we usually find filling this position. There are about twenty passengers in the first cabin, and nearly five hundred Chinese in the steerage.

"When we got outside we found the sea quite rough, with a strong wind blowing, which constantly increased, and by evening we had some seasick passengers. Up to the present time Mrs. Kreckler suffered considerably in this respect, while the little folks have been lively as crickets all the time. It is amusing to see how they get along, their bodies at an angle of nearly 45 degrees to the deck; but then there is nothing like getting your sea legs on. They appear to be perfectly at home, and have plenty of friends. Maggie romps with the captain and is on particularly good terms with the steward and Chinamen in the pantry, which enables her to keep the little folks well supplied with apples, oranges and good things generally. The day after we sailed she came in, looking quite comical, as she said, 'Papa, Ohio.' Of course I could not under-

stand, so she said, laughing, 'Why, papa, that's good-morning,' and I soon discovered that she had introduced herself to a Japanese gentleman among the passengers, and was trying to learn the language.

"October 22nd,—our first Sabbath at sea. How our thoughts flew back to loved ones with whom we have so often mingled our voices in prayer and praise on this hallowed day.

"Yesterday was Monday, October 30th, and now the chaplain insists that this is Wednesday morning, November 1st. We crossed the 180th meridian during the night, have only six days to our week, and are puzzling our brains to know how old we'll be when our next birthday comes round.

November 13th. With an interval of one or two days we had constant, strong head winds, sometimes increasing to perfect gales the past ten or twelve, each apparently more violent than the preceding. The usual time of voyage, eighteen days, expired on the 6th, and we were still a thousand miles away, with no prospect of improvement. We would, perhaps, not be ready to admit we just delighted with so much rocking, but we did find we all got rather accustomed to it, and unless too violent paid no attention to it.

"Finally, yesterday afternoon, soon after finishing our Sunday-school lesson, land was reported in sight, and sure enough, through the dim, hazy distance a barely perceptible, low outline was to be discerned, and we all felt relieved, for it was known that our supply of coal was almost exhausted. By

ten o'clock we were rounding the light-house, and this morning, at 3:30, we came to anchor in front of Yokohama. After breakfast we all got into a sangpan and were sculled ashore, and soon found very comfortable quarters at a hotel, and within an hour were all most delightfully surprised by a call from the Rev. Mr. Correll and his wife."

In Mrs. Krecker's reports of the voyage, she said that, "Between San Francisco and Yokohama, although it is the longest voyage in the world without a rest, there is not much to be seen. However, one day's voyage out from San Francisco whales are seen, farther on porpoises and flying-fish, the latter being a beautiful creature. Sea-gulls are seen every day excepting during stormy weather. The peculiarity about these is, that on the first day out white birds are seen, the rest of the voyage black or dark ones, until we come within one day's journey of Yokohama, when white birds again appear.

"Hours were spent at a time in looking at the grandeur of a rough sea. It is intensely interesting to observe the majestic power and beauty of the great blue waves as they, rising like mountains, roll toward the ship and break, changing into different shades of blue and green, until they finally reach a snowy white.

"After we had been out twenty-four days, on Sunday afternoon, the first land was seen. Now there was a great cheer all around. Our joy was heightened by having the captain assure us that we would be brought to our destination the next day.

"On Monday morning, on awaking, the first thing

we observed was that the great pulse of our ship had ceased its beating—the engine was no longer in motion. We concluded we must be in harbor, and hurrying on deck learned that the ship was anchored, and we noticed large and numerous barks from different nations surrounding us.

“Hundreds of Japanese junks, with their square, white sails against the blue sea, were seen in the distance, while tugs, from the hotels, private boats, and small craft of various kinds had come toward the Oceanic to take off her passengers and freight. All seemed so strange and bewildering that we hardly knew whether it was a dream or a reality. It caused little effort, however, for us to believe it to be a truth, and we tried to collect our minds sufficiently to partake of some breakfast. We were then conducted to one of the tugs from a hotel, and after a ride of another mile were landed upon the beautiful shores of Japan, or Nihon, as it is known by the natives: Ni meaning sun, and hon, ‘root,’ or ‘rising,’ hence the term, Sunrise Kingdom.”

Yokohama Dr. Kreckler described as “A finely located city on the Yeddo Bay, about twenty miles below the capital, with which it has communication by the bay, and by a well constructed railway.

“The streets are kept scrupulously clean, scavengers with brooms and baskets constantly being met, and I have seen them pick up paper, bits of wood and orange-peel, that we would hardly think of noticing. Several very large canals pass through the city, the sides of which are also walled up like the bay front. Large numbers of boats, propelled

with sculls or poles, are constantly passing, carrying products from the interior and *vice versa*.

"To the left of the city, as it is approached, is a very high bluff, on which nearly all the foreign residents live. It belongs to their concession, in addition to the city proper, which it adjoins. Here are erected very comfortable houses, with neat grounds attached. At night the city is well lighted, and numerous lanterns are carried, and the sight as viewed from the bluff is most charming.

"Just while writing this, we had the most severe shock of earthquake we have experienced since our arrival. There was the sound of heavy, rumbling noise, while the house shook and trembled, as we thought, very much; doors and windows rattled and the walls creaked. One held the lamp, others ran to the door, and Maggie cried, "Oh, mamma! let's go back to America!" The motion was at first moderate and increased in violence, and lasted thirty seconds at a low estimate."

"We are all delighted with the country of Japan," wrote Mrs. Kreckler to a favorite niece. "The scenery is charming, we sometimes go out to the sea-coast about three miles from here. We have found some very nice sea shells. Last week, on Friday, our teacher was unwell and did not come, and we went to the seashore in the afternoon. We enjoyed it very much. We saw lots of plum trees full of blossoms. I suppose you have heard that we have a married man to do our cooking, washing and ironing? I think a great deal of all my servants, especially the cook seems to love to please. It seemed

very strange when we first came here not knowing anything about the language, but we are gradually learning to understand and speak a little. The fact that the written language is quite different from the spoken makes it very difficult to learn fast, and again, the language addressed to the lower class is quite different from the language spoken by the better class.

"Maggie would have Cousin Allie know about the children's school. She is delighted with it. In the morning, right after family worship, they get ready for school, then they go out to the front door, run around the house, as they approach the back door, I ring the bell. When they enter I am greeted as their school teacher. Then they take their seats around the small table which represents their desk. We open school by reading a passage of Scripture, singing and a short prayer. Then they study their lessons, and when they need assistance they ask permission to call upon me for help. I hear them recite in proper order. In the meanwhile I put in as much Japanese as I can."

With this letter the reader is wafted into Japanese life as Mrs. Kreckler knew it, the interest in the sights and sounds of the new country, the study of Japanese, the management of the home, the teaching of her children. To this must be added her constant missionary work, beginning with her servants, ere she could well read the Bible verses she wished them to hear, and not stopping short of her teacher.

"We commenced the study of the language in the

Japanese primer," she related to American friends. "After having gone through that we took the Gospel of Luke which had already been translated. The Bible was the book we intended to teach, and therefore we desired as soon as possible to become familiar with it in the native language. In addition to the study of the Gospel, we, with the aid of the teacher, soon commenced translating the story of the creation, as we were desirous to give that story in connection with the story of the Gospel. Our first learner was our cook. After having had a lesson prepared we read it and read it, until we became familiar with it, then we talked it to him every day, until we realized that he understood the story. Finally we told him to invite some of his friends to the house on Sunday afternoon. Within a few months he had become a believer, and ever so remained.

"About this time, early in 1877, Dr. Kreckler wrote, "Two weeks ago, when our teacher came, on Monday morning, we thought we observed a change in his countenance, and my wife especially thought he looked so cheerful. It hardly occurred to us at that moment what might be the reason, and as it is so difficult for us to communicate together, he speaking no English at all, we said nothing at the time, but a day or two after, while I was away for a short time, my wife concluded to find out whether her thoughts were correct. She asked him whether he ever prayed to the true God. He misunderstood her, for he knelt down and prayed earnestly.

"On further inquiry, he stated that every night for about a month he had been reading the Gospel

(we had given him Luke, in Japanese), and the previous Sunday, he said, 'The Lord entered my heart abundantly,' his own words. "God and the Bible,' he said, 'have been my teachers.' They had quite a happy season together, and could hardly wait for my return, when we all rejoiced together. We feel that, although we cannot speak to this people, yet the Lord hears our prayers in their behalf, and himself is the teacher."

It was in this first winter in Japan that Dr. and Mrs. Kreckler had their first experience with a Japanese fire. The same week that Mrs. Kreckler's letter was penned, he writes:

"One night last week we were awakened by the deep sound of the fire-bell, and looking through the lattice-covered window, the bright sky gave evidence of a large fire. On going out I discovered that it was at the foot of the bluff, a short distance to the eastward of us. Its loud crackling could be distinctly heard, while the large sparks and cinders swept in a shower through the sky, driven along by the wind. At every step I met natives hurrying along with things which they were taking away for safety.

"Reaching the edge of the bluff, I could see right down into the burning mass. A large number of little Japanese homes were in the flames, and for a time the fire continued spreading in every direction. What little wind there was, however, fortunately carried it nearly directly toward the bluff, along the face of which the sparks ascended as up a great chimney. Gradually it extended to the

westward, and I decided to return home, toward which it was gaining. Before long the sparks which had passed below us commenced coming directly over us, and we found it advisable to station a man on the roof, with water in readiness. Generally the sparks passed high up and away off to the rear, but occasionally they fell in showers, pattering on the dry grass and leaves in the yard like the sound of a commencing heavy shower. After about two hours the worst was over, and we felt greatly relieved. It is said it was the work of incendiaries. About two hundred and fifty houses were destroyed, and but one person, a sick woman, is said to have been burned.

Next morning, the streets and vacant lots near by, were filled with families camping out, but lively and making the best of circumstances. At the scene of destruction the fire had made clean work. All frame buildings, without cellars or foundation stones, leave nothing but a small pile of ashes; and the workmen were busy cleaning these away and making arrangements to put up new buildings. They were laughing and cheerful as if it were a mere trifle. At different places lines were drawn and little boards with Japanese characters, indicating ownership of ground, were stuck up, while here and there were little groups gathered around fires and eating their rice, waiting until shelter was provided. The actual suffering, however, is not near so great as it would be in America.

“Very few of the common people own their own homes, and if they get their mats and comforts out,

there is not much left to burn. Then they are exceedingly helpful to each other, and in a short time there are but few who are not provided for. This kindly feeling, leading them to help each other, is quite characteristic of this people; and it has often been a subject of remark among us as we see it manifested in so many different ways."

It was a few years later that Japanese fire came nearer. Professor F. F. Jewett, who has the chair of chemistry at Oberlin University, and formerly held the same chair at the Imperial University at Tokio, recalls:

"I happened to be at your house, I think at Thanksgiving dinner, when the fire broke out in the distance, and we watched with great anxiety its nearer and nearer approach. I have a vivid remembrance of the rapidity with which furniture, carpets, etc., were rushed into the adjacent 'go-down' (fire-proof building); of the stationing of two of us upon one of the adjacent buildings with buckets of water and mops to extinguish the flying bits of fire as they lighted on the roof; of the actual ignition of one spot in the roof of the main building, after we had supposed that all had been extinguished and were taking some refreshment.

"Had I kept a diary of that period of my life," he goes on, "I am sure the diary would contain the name Kreckler more often than any other name of whom I knew and loved in Japan. My life there was brightened beyond expression by the friendship and companionship of your father and mother. Their house was always open to me, and I always

passed into the open door with pleasure, knowing the sincerity of the expressed gladness which my frequent calls gave them, a gladness which I felt perhaps more than they, as my need of companionship was so much greater. Your father and mother always were to me sincere in their expressions, and that I knew. Hence my most vivid impressions of your mother's character, as I saw it, was her absolute sincerity. Her cordiality of manner, therefore, which was marked, I was and am sure, was the expression of a sincere, warm heart. I have always thought, 'What a help Mrs. Kreckler must have been to her husband in his missionary work.' She seemed never to consider her own strength whenever his missionary work called for the assistance which she was so well fitted to render. I used to wonder how she could go with him, so cheerfully and gladly in the afternoons of the Sabbaths when he used to go to a distant part of the city to preach, or work in other ways, after attending to her family duties and possibly doing missionary work near her own home.

"You must have been very young when your father and mother found their habitation on Suruga Dai, not far from my own house. One of my first remembrances of your family was their coming to this house."

The house mentioned by Professor Jewett was the first house taken in Tokio by Dr. Kreckler, a picturesque mansion on a diminutive plan, surrounded with a romantic piece of garden which was walled in with high, black, board fencing and decorated

with a pond, trees and mossy hillocks. He mentioned it on one of his letters as "On elevated ground, in the heart of the city, about two miles and a half from the foreign concession, and three miles from the railroad station. It is of the kind used by the better class of natives, and one of the quaintest things imaginable, all paper doors and paper windows, you think as you first come in. However, there is some wall to it. In my study, for instance, the whole front is paper windows, from near the top to the floor. One half of another side is plastered wall, but covered by my book-case, while all the rest of the room is paper doors, opening into closets or other apartments.

The government permits the professors in its colleges to live outside of the foreign reservation, and in a few instances granted the same privilege to those in the employ of private individuals, and three missionaries were living out under contract to teach in private schools. After due consideration I opened the subject to my teacher. I proposed that he should get permission to open a school in Tokio, employ me to teach English one hour a day, and then apply to the government for permission to have me live in the native part of the city.

"A few mornings after our arrival, two young men came around and inquired whether they might come in to our family worship, and now we have two, three, and sometimes four young men, besides our own, come in every morning to family worship. We have also had a little service every Sunday. But last Sunday, which was our third in Tokio, we

had what might be called a pretty big service, at least it was for us. The occasion was the baptism and reception into the church of Brother Horinouchi.

That was early in August, 1877. In September he wrote: "Of hearers there has been no lack. Our evening family worship continues well attended. One evening, while I was away to a missionary prayer-meeting, my wife remained at home with the little ones. When the hour for evening family worship arrived, she rang the little bell as usual, and although nearly all our young men were absent, there were twenty natives present, a number having come provided with lanterns. Thus we have every evening from a dozen upwards. They come in, hear a chapter read, join in singing and prayer, and then they remain to talk a little, or quietly retire.

[Prayer-meeting and Sunday services have been well attended the past week. Had thirty-two in Sunday-school yesterday. Among our attendants was an intelligent young woman who speaks English very well. She was much interested and stated that she expected to attend regularly. This morning she came round to read the Bible with Mrs. Krecker. Says she attended the Imperial Female Normal School three years—appears to be an earnest inquirer. Bro. Horinouchi has frequent visits from attendants on our services, who come to his room, and he talks long to them on the subject of religion. This will convey a little of our daily experience.

About this time Mrs. Krecker narrated that "A few days ago an aged woman, while listening to the taught word for the first time, exclaimed, 'Can such glorious news enter into such old ears as mine?'"

"I would like to tell you how the Lord taught a poor Japanese woman how to earn something for him. She is a servant, and her wages were not more than she required for a bare living. Japanese pay their servants very little; some get only their board. She desired to give something toward spreading the Gospel among her people, and the Lord put in her mind the idea of her getting up an hour earlier every day than she was accustomed to, and making matches to sell, and that money she gave to the Lord.

"Another Japanese woman was what is termed a 'Bible woman.' She is employed by a missionary, and her work is to study the Bible, and go from house to house, reading and explaining the Scriptures. She receives four or five dollars a month all of which she had needed to buy her food and clothing, but, having a desire to give money, she began to pray and meditate upon the subject. She did not feel justified in taking any of her time from prayer and the study of the Bible, to earn money; but where there is a sincere desire, the Lord will always open the way. While dressing very plainly she had been rather scrupulous about certain properties. For instance, she had always been very careful about her tabs, the sock, or covering for the feet; as they are always exposed, it is not considered altogether proper to wear them mended. The

thought, however, came to her mind that if she mended her tabs, and wore them longer, it would not cost her so much. She decided to mend them, and save money for the Lord."

In January, 1878, Dr. Krecker reported that "Our school, which we commenced in August, with one scholar, has increased to such an extent, that during the past two months we had twenty young men in attendance, some of them of very good standing. One was an officer in the Imperial War Department, where he was engaged in translating official correspondence.

"We have preaching on Sunday morning and Wednesday evening, and prayer-meeting on Sunday evening. Notwithstanding the cold and rainy weather, which is always very trying to a Japanese congregation, we have had a good average attendance, ranging from twenty to thirty, on Sunday morning.

"I have taken up another preaching place in a portion of the city about a mile away, having services there every Sunday evening, prayer-meeting being held at our house the same time. The first evening we had sixteen hearers, including a Buddhist priest. The second evening it rained very heavily, and only five came, but the third evening, although a very heavy snow-storm prevailed, I had the privilege to present the Word to a dozen very attentive listeners. Miss Hudson is making an effort to establish a Bible class for women there also, which we hope will assist in extending the work. She also holds a Bible class now several times a week for the special benefit of the young men of

our school. This, including my Saturday afternoon class, gives us a religious service every day in the week, and some days more than one.

"Sunday, the 24th of February, had been looked forward to with much interest by our little company. It was the day appointed to administer baptism to such as should prove by their profession, their lives, and their attendance upon the means of grace, the sincerity of their desire to flee from the wrath to come. The subject selected for the morning sermon was John 3: 16. At its close, nine adults who had been accepted as approved candidates came forward and the solemn ritual was proceeded with. Then all bowed at the altar, and amid the most profound solemnity were baptized.

It was this year that Dr. Kreckler was obliged to relinquish his work for a time and travel for his health, but by the following May his wife was writing her niece: "We all rejoice over Uncle Fred's improved condition of health. His health has improved so much that it is only when he allows himself to become too closely engaged that he feels any trace of his former difficulty, and even then I do not think he suffers any more than others who were not broken down under the same circumstances. All the missionaries feel it more or less when they stick too close to work. In consequence of this, all find it important to engage in some sort of out-door exercise to counteract the unfavorable effects of close application to study. Men in all branches of professional life requiring mental work, find it impossible in this country to work as hard

and closely as they did at home, and daily exercise is indispensable to good health.

"Uncle Fred and I do considerable walking—that is, we walk a mile or two every day, and sometimes more. Last Saturday we took a trip into the country with an Englishman, a professor in the Engineering College. He invited us to take dinner with him and then to take a walk in the country. I think I will just tell you what the dinner consisted of. The first course was soup, the second fish and potatoes, the third mutton, peas, and potatoes, the fourth bird, asparagus, and potatoes, the fifth rhubarb pie, the sixth gelatine, seventh fruit, which consisted of oranges and strawberries. Then we went into the drawing-room, where we were served with a cup of coffee. After another pleasant little chat we started on our walk about two o'clock. After walking about a mile we reached the green fields, and oh, how I did enjoy it! We reached home about half past seven o'clock, after having walked nine miles. We had, during the afternoon, stopped at two tea-houses with beautiful flower gardens and drank Japanese tea. I enjoyed the afternoon immensely.

"I suppose you would imagine me completely done out after such a walk, but I was not at all. When we arrived at home we found that Mr. Jewett had not long before returned from a horse-back ride and had just finished Maggie's music lesson. We soon took our supper and had a pleasant visit with Mr. Jewett, and after he left we planted some fern which we gathered on our walk, then we went to bed

about ten o'clock, feeling all the better for the delightful way we spent the afternoon.

"Next morning we walked, Miss Hudson with us, to our preaching place about three miles distant in three-quarters of an hour. Next evening, Tuesday, all of us started out and walked three miles to a friend's house, and after spending an hour we put the children into a jinrikisha, while Uncle Fred, Miss Hudson and I walked home again, making six miles after supper. We arrived home ten minutes before ten o'clock. At ten the children were in bed and the rest of us almost ready to jump in. A sweet sleep we had and feel first rate to-day.

"We learned to walk by taking first very short walks, and increased them every day until we knew we could walk a few miles at a time. I have learned to love walking very much. It is by taking this out-door exercise that we are enabled by God's grace to do the work we do. Uncle Fred has now four preaching places which are supplied every week with preaching. Miss Hudson has four meetings a week, I have three, besides having school every forenoon with our own children and two little girls, who have a native mother and a German father, and Nellie Amerman. In addition to this there is a young man who comes to take Bible lessons and I also teach our servants separately. I take much pleasure in the work. One of our Christians, a young lady about twenty, is a great comfort to me. She is such an earnest zealous Christian. Talks English some. Her influence for Jesus is beginning to tell. I feel as if it were God's good

pleasure to make her an instrument in his hands to bring many into the kingdom."

To a sister-in-law she wrote: "We can buy all the vegetables that we have at home from the Japanese. Most of them have been introduced by foreigners. We get beans, peas, cabbage, beets, radishes, turnips, asparagus, carrots, corn, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, etc. Corn is not very plentiful, but we get a taste every year. We can buy vegetables, I mean green vegetables, nearly every month of the year. I forgot to mention tomatoes and egg-plant, of which we are so fond. Tomatoes do not seem to be raised in such great abundance, but egg-plant we have from now on till late in the fall. Strawberries are raised in abundance, they last from about the middle of May until the middle of June. We bought some at three cents a pound, the first ones and the last ones are always very high. I think the first ones were twenty-three cents a pound. At present they are twelve cents. Last year they were sold by the hundred.

"The Japanese have also learned to make preserves. We can buy nice preserves at a reasonable rate. We have peaches, plums, grapes, apricots, water-melons and musk-melons, etc., in the fruit lines. At present we have a fruit we know nothing of in America. The Japanese call them biwas; they have the shape of a crab-apple, having three large seeds in them, you can imagine that there is not much there to eat, yet we enjoy them. We have no good cherries and no good apples. They have a very small apple, but they are nothing like a good

apple. We get beef, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and fish,—in short, we can, with few exceptions, get anything we eat at home.”

Dr. Kreckler in the meantime had reported that, “The permission I had to live out of the foreign concession expired during the summer. Three successive applications, in varying forms, to have the term extended, as has been the case in similar instances heretofore, were rejected, and, in consequence, I was necessitated to move into the concession.

“The little folks are greatly pleased with the change, as they are, once more, in a small foreign community, and have associates.

Life in Tsukiji, the foreign concession, offered occasional social diversion in the tranquil way in which it is enjoyed by Tokio residents, not only with rowing and tennis and an occasional sight-seeing party,—an expedition up the Sumida River to enjoy the rare cherry blossoms falling in perpetual showers of pink and white blossoms along the avenues of Mukojima, a Fourth of July celebration in a house-boat, viewing the nocturnal display of fine fire-works furnished every summer, at a convenient date for Yankees to link with Independence Day, a wedding or a garden party; but also the quiet little round of social calls, with now and then a dinner or a tiffin, and every month what was termed a “missionary social gathering,” where congenial spirits met of an evening to indulge in games, or music, or readings, with a little cup of that which cheers but does not inebriate. To these were added

the rarer invitations to some diplomatic function, or to a party given by the Governor of Tokio and Madame Yoshikawa, or to some naval festivity on board one of Uncle Sam's vessels lying off the harbor, among whose crews were former associates of the doctor's, or again to do honor to some distinguished visitor, among whom are recalled General Grant, Joseph Cook, and the King of the Sandwich Islands. Maggie wrote to her cousin: "I must add that the King of the Sandwich Islands came to Japan, as it was the ninth anniversary of a Japanese church to which he had sent some money. He was invited to the church's birthday meeting, and papa and mamma also went. After the meeting mamma dined with the King and had a very pleasant time.' "

But to Dr. and Mrs. Kreckler life in Tsukiji mainly meant Tokio's slums. Immediately off the foreign concession are some of the most miserable quarters of the Japanese capital, to which no Japanese physician would follow. Dr. Kreckler came to minister to the invalid poor and Mrs. Kreckler came with instruction in religion and in English, for the women and children gathered in the hut of a jinrikisha man. It was in 1881 that she wrote:

"I think I have told you about a work that I commenced about a year ago among some of the poorest of the poor, in a section not far from us, by holding a meeting to talk about Jesus to some of the poor women. The place was in a narrow little back alley, in a small house hardly large enough for us all to sit down on the floor in. Through increasing numbers the little quarters soon got too

small, so a larger house was secured on a better street, and by assisting the family to pay the rent, we got them to move in it. As the interest increased, we finally started preaching there, and during the past winter I started a day school there for poor children, putting a Japanese teacher in charge, while I visited it in the afternoon three or four times a week to teach the little girls sewing and give them religious instruction.

"Again we found it necessary to move and, as no place large enough could be rented, we recently bought and fitted up a roomy house that will make us a very satisfactory preaching place and school-room, while the family in whose house we first commenced work, occupy part of it and serve as a nucleus to draw in the people. On Sunday, the 10th, we had dedicatory services, including also a number of addresses by some natives, and it was to us all a memorable and happy occasion. The next day I had additional opening exercises for the scholars and their mothers, after which cakes and tea were served to them. This gives us a very satisfactory work among a class of people who greatly need both intellectual and religious instruction."

Almost at the very dawn of the next year came, as little Marguerite puts it, "The loveliest Christmas present imaginable. Long live Frederick the Third! Born Dec. 21, 1881. Weighs nine pounds, and the best baby alive to the Frederick Kreckler, Jr. family."

And a few months later Marguerite wrote to the same cousin, "Mr. Cooper, the husband of the lady

to whom brother and I recite Latin, told mamma one day, that when she had Baby in her arms, or when he saw her with Baby, she always looked like a young mother with her first baby!

"Her birthday is on the first of August, and she will be thirty-nine years old. She was speaking of her age to a lady the other day, who was very much surprised to hear that she was so near forty. 'Why,' she said, 'I have seen ladies much younger than you are, look older!' She and papa always seemed as if they were just married, and Baby was their first child."

Another note from the same juvenile correspondent refers to her mamma's youthful beauty. "I'll tell you about the wedding," says she. "It was of Miss Munson, an American, to Mr. White, an Englishman. They had to get married by the clergyman of the English Church at the English Legation. Mamma had a light silk on, and I had trimmed her up with flowers, and when she got there the porter thought perhaps she was the bride! The marriage ceremony was very long, but very nice, mamma said. After the marriage the party went to the house where they had the reception."

Of the Baby, Mrs. Krecker writes, "It seems to me we realize more fully than ever that 'a babe in a family is a well-spring of joy.' He is just four months old to-day. We all think he is just splendid. He is a constant joy in the family. The children are ever full of admiration for their little brother, and he is growing in interest all the while. We take much pleasure in noticing the development

of his mind. We have been going out boating a good deal this summer while baby was well; we went every evening for a season; we all enjoy it very much. 'The children have learneed to row.'

The first thrills of joy over the coming of the man-child had scarcely died away ere the gloom of a great sorrow beclouded the home of one whose life had been termed "one of increasing excellence." Not quite three years before, in May, 1880, the Rev. and Mrs. Jacob Hartzler, who were intimately associated as were perhaps no others with Dr. and Mrs. Kreckler, and whose friendship has ever remained inestimably sweet to all their family, had come to Japan as Superintendent of the Mission, and in his farewell, Mr. Hartzler had said to his friends: "I do not know how long I can be there; nor how much I shall be able with the help of God, to accomplish, but by the grace of God I shall now go, though it be only to die. If it be my privilege only to show the heathen how to die, I shall be content, for then, as some one has happily expressed it, we shall take Japan with a grave. None of the missionaries of our Association have as yet died in Japan; but the time will come, and perhaps sooner than we expect, that we shall take Japan with graves."

The time had now come, and it had come sooner than was expected, and Japan was taken with a grave. While in attendance upon one of his poor patients of Odawaracho, Dr. Kreckler had contracted a malignant form of typhus fever. He at once realized the serious nature of this disease; gave

full directions regarding his family before the coming of delirium; to his wife he said: "Nothing troubles me; I have no doubts and no fears; I am at perfect peace," and after a few weeks of intense suffering, passed away on the 26th of April, 1883. He had long ago remarked to Mrs. Krecker that he sometimes felt that he would in some way give his life for the Japanese, and at the solemn little service held the morning after his death the Rev. Geo. Meacham remarked in the memorial sermon: "It was the grace of God in him which enabled him literally to give his life for the people. It may be said in an accommodated sense of him, as was said of his Master: 'He saved others; himself he could not save.' It was my privilege to know something of his inner life and of his interior springs of action, and to the praise of the glory of the grace of God I would testify that for a good many months before his departure he rapidly grew in grace and seemed to be outstripping the rest of us in the race. It appeared to me that he was becoming prepared for much more extensive usefulness; little did I dream that he was ripening for glory. The office of eulogy and panegyric is a dangerous one. We will not praise our beloved brother. The poor will praise him. His works will praise him."

"Would that my poor pen could tell what a man he was, and how much good he accomplished in Japan!" affectionately wrote Professor Jewett. "The fact that he loved the Japanese and desired for them the highest blessing showed itself in all his intercourse with them, and they very soon learned to

trust him implicitly. There seemed to have arisen in them a love for him which was very marked. His work was eminently successful because he carried into his work a consecrated, loving spirit. If to accomplish it personal inconvenience or sacrifice was needed, it was cheerfully submitted to as a thing that would help on his great work.

"By his success as a physician he won the confidence of the people, and they were willing the more readily to heed his teachings on religious subjects. Not only by the Japanese was he regarded as a careful and trustworthy physician, but also by the foreigners who employed him in time of sickness.

"The kindness which he showed in his intercourse with all with whom he became acquainted was very noticeable, and the warm, hearty pressure of the hand which a caller at his house was sure to receive, made one feel immediately at ease. This cordial feeling which he showed to those outside of his family, would naturally lead us to expect that he would be peculiarly tender, loving and affectionate to the members of his own family, and such was the case. I never knew a family in which there was deeper affection between the members. The love and tender esteem with which Dr. Kreckler always treated his wife and children was remarked by all who knew them. In all my intercourse with the family, I never heard an unkind word pass his lips. Family life as illustrated in the Kreckler family, is an almost perfect one."

Sometime during the summer following this spring of anguish Dr. Kreckler's widow wrote:

"The loss of that which of our earthly possessions is nearest and dearest produces an effect upon the character. We search for that which we have left that can support; when found, we cling to it most tenaciously. My feelings were that I had nothing more to lean upon; nothing more to live for; but in my searchings I was met by my blessed Saviour, who through his Holy Spirit whispered peace to my troubled spirit, saying, 'Live for the charge which I have left in your lone hands; live for the souls around you who sit in the darkness and blank gloom of idolatry; live for me.' My soul responded, 'By thy grace, for thee will I live; to do thy will shall be my delight.' I felt my soul being drawn upward into nearer, sweeter communion with Jesus our blessed Lord, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. I was filled with the 'joy of consolation.' Yea, when my soul melted with heaviness the Lord strengthened me according to his word. I have had moments of profound, solitary, inactive affliction, which would be too much for reason to bear even for a moment, without the consolation of religion. To be bereaved of a loving, gentle, sympathetic, unselfish and self-sacrificing, devoted husband and father, to whom we clung with intense attachment, is enough to shatter loving hearts, and nothing less than the grace of God can heal the deep, sore wounds. He was taken in his prime; he was taken when his best work seemed yet to be done; he was taken, when to plant firmly the blood-stained banner of our Saviour King in this land, yet to be con-

quered, the church needed self-sacrificing men at the front.

"These mysteriees I have never tried to solve; I leave them entirely with the Lord, sincerely believing that he could accomplish a wise, loving purpose in his death that he could not accomplish in his life. Yet, I by no means believe that his work on earth is finished. I believe that he has resumed his labors under better auspices; that he has only gone up to higher appointments; that in his "fatigueless service" he joins us in our efforts to save the souls of the heathen, for whom he labored so faithfully when here in body. His heart was in his Master's cause; he labored hard; his working time in the flesh was short; his rest shall be long and increasingly sweet.

"My implicit confidence in God; my belief that he is love; that he doeth all things well; that all things shall work together for good and for his honor and glory, saved me from sinking into despair; active exercise in the same faith cheers me now and saves me from a morbid frame of mind which loves to sit in solitude and mourn. For the mourner such a frame had its fascinations, and if not resisted in the very beginning, may grow and become the luxury of woe, and result in enervating and enslaving the soul; but through the grace of God, my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. He saves me from fear of evil; he saves me from trouble and anguish; he causes me to lie down in peace and sleep; 'he only maketh me to dwell in safety, there-

fore will I give thanks among the heathen and sing praises to his name.' ”

There were about two more years of the quiet, busy missionary life in Japan for Mrs. Kreckler. In 1884 she sent her two oldest children to America to their grandfather, the Rev. Frederick Kreckler, of Norristown, Pa., to study in the excellent Norristown schools, and something more than a year later, in November, 1885, with the education of her little family in mind, she and the two younger children bade farewell to the Land of the Morning, such a large following of weeping natives collecting at the Tokio railway station that bystanders asked what dignitary was this whose departure created all this stir.

Mrs. Hartzler, wife of Bishop H. B. Hartzler, brother to the Japan missionary, has crystallized the Japan going and coming in these apt reminiscences: “When she and Dr. Kreckler, with others, sat around the table in Rev. Jacob Hartzler’s home, just before starting for Japan, I asked whether she was glad to go. She replied, ‘Yes,—we have counted the cost and realize what it all means.’ On her return to the homeland, after the death of her noble husband, we referred to the above remark, and she said, ‘It was a costly experience, but we would not have it otherwise; it is all right,—hard as it seems.’ ” At a welcome-home meeting she spoke of what it meant to sacrifice, and with most loving words, added, ‘But our Jesus made a greater sacrifice than man ever could.’ ”

CHAPTER IV.

"MUTTERCHEN."

"Her heart was always with her home," says Mrs. Vincent.

Her home was always with her children. To say that she perfectly identified her interests with theirs is perhaps but another way of putting this, and to add that she sacrificed much and achieved much for them is only saying it again.

When the principal of Schuylkill Seimnary, now Albright College, of Myerstown, Pennsylvania, made his annual report to the trustees of that school in the spring of 1886, he cited as worthy of emulation by other parents, the action of Mrs. Kreckler, just returned from Japan, in taking a house in Fredericksburg, the school's new home, for the express purpose of giving her children the Seminary's advantages.

This step of Mrs. Kreckler's would scarcely amaze any one familiar with the lively ambitions she cherished for her children and the quiet practicality she used in setting about to execute them, and the unusual skill she showed as a financier. Yet the sequel thereto is none the less rare and remarkable. That long ago she and Dr. Kreckler had planned to give their children solid education is revealed in a letter written by her in 1877, when the eldest was less than ten years of age:

"The children continue to be interested in their studies," it ran. "They are all especially fond of reading. Maggie and Preston are at present reading 'Robinson Crusoe.' They are intensely interested. We hope we may be successful in preparing them for some college. With our Master's assistance I think we can. "But that nine years later, when single-handed and alone, when father, mother, provider and house-mistress for the family (all in herself), when away from home a large portion of her time, she should carry out this plan, not only taking four children through preparatory training, but graduating three from two of America's foremost colleges,—Princeton and Wellesley,—all the while retaining a pleasant home for them,—surely even hers and her husband's sanguine temperaments had not conceived. If the equal of her achievement is to be found, it must be searched for with grand patience, for such are not common.

How this little mamma—"Mutterchen" was a pet name for her,—arranged far ahead for the systematic expenditure of her income, how she chose their food and dress with singleindeed adherence to health and economy, how she nevertheless had always a little to spare for some coveted pleasure trip now and then, for a new book, a gift, and a fresh frock, hospitalities extended to teachers and schoolmates and friends, are vivid, stimulating memories with Mrs. Kreckler's children.

As noteworthy as it is beautiful, is the fact that despite all the self-denials required to achieve this, she never placed herself in the position of aught

save queen of the home. By both father and mother her children were instilled with the recognition not only of the authority, but the supremacy in every way of their mother. When a house-maid was lacking they felt it their duty to do, and have mother done unto. Household matters of every variety she might attend to, but it was theirs to fetch and carry. For them to pass through a door first and let mamma humbly follow, for them to find the favorite easy chair in the library and leave the straight-backs for "Mutterchen," for them to wait elegantly in the parlor while "Mudder" was hunting their cuff-buttons and ribbons in an up-stairs bureau drawer, for them to sit at the table and have her serve them, for them to find leisure to play when she had lamp chimneys to shine or beds to make, was almost unthinkable save under exceptional circumstances.

"Mutterchen" was the one to whom honor was done, "Mutterchen" was the one whose errands were to be run, whose meals were to be served in state, whose Christmas presents must be handsome, whose birthday must be celebrated,—her birthday being the only family date which of late years survived to the estate of a commemorated red-letter occasion for which poetry was written, toasts drunk, and the fatted calf killed and sundry pennies spent on gifts. And this through no coercion or even suggestion from the mother, but simply the natural course of things when the queen of the home had invested her throne with royal grace, and by a sweet

and loving sovereignty won eager allegiance and honor.

Sweet and lovely sovereignty was indeed Mrs. Krecker's home rule. It was never "Do this" or "do that." "Don't do so and so;" but "You may do that," or "My bonnet is lying up-stairs on my bed. Do you think you could find it?" or, if in correction, "Do you think that is pretty?" or "I hope you were gentle in your remarks. You have much to learn in that line." It was her idea that to seek to do the pleasure of father and mother, and to find happiness in ministering to their happiness was the natural impulse of the properly reared child and it was on that basis that she dealt with her children.

In the same tranquil, effective way, ambition was instilled into the minds of her children. Both father and mother imbued them with the idea that something above the common was expected, and while it was not driven home with tiring force, it was none the less present and felt. "I am so glad to see the children doing so well," a cousin visiting from a distance remarked to Mrs. Krecker under a cherry-tree at the Fredericksburg home. "But then," he added, "it was just what I always expected."

"That was just the way we felt," smiled Mrs. Krecker in reply, regardless of a daughter's near-by ears; "and we thought if they knew we expected it they would do so." Whether in lessons or manners, or dress or play, or original efforts, when merit was attained it was appreciated and commented upon, simply and freely without fear of engendering van-

ity or pride, and always leaving the impression that any such merit was the natural result of right thinking and acting and that there were ever higher standards beyond.

But over and above all, and permeating all, were her spiritual ambitions for her children. It perhaps needs something of Mrs. Kreckler's disposition to apprehend an inspiration for every earthly good, yet for all achievements to be used only as a vessel to hold the holy things of God, an open window through which the breath of Divine purpose should pass. Ambition such as this makes impossible either vanity or greed. "I want you to be and have the best," she said to one of her daughters, "because I think it is right, it is natural for us to be and to have the best." One of her familiar watchwords in her confidential motherly talks was that she wanted the world to be better for each of her children having lived in it.

So far as circumstances allowed, Mrs. Kreckler was always with her two sons and two daughters, in the drawing room with their young friends, in the wood with their school excursions, and later when the home was moved first to Lebanon, in 1895, and a year afterwards to Philadelphia, she gave her delightful society for every sort of the city's amusements which the younger element enjoyed. "It was always one of the dearest treats of my life to go out with mamma anywhere; she was such a dear, charming companion," Mrs. Vincent writes. No diversion was too youthful for the mother. "She is the youngest of us all," one of her

daughters remarked, while Mrs. Kreckler herself confessed that she was often more at home with young people than with older persons. This young mamma of fifty felt, and her children felt, that her pleasure was theirs and theirs was hers, and that in each others society every recreation was relished with enhanced zest. To have all of them gathered about her, exchanging incidents and anecdotes and divers thoughts and experiences was one of her most supremely vivid pleasures, perhaps more vivid each year as such sweet occasions became events long anticipated, and yet longer remembered by her fond heart. And it was worth months of waiting to see the lovely turns of expression of peace and delight that played on her face as she looked from one dear child to the other, as each become spokesman, or radiantly watched the group as a whole.

Hers indeed was a nature that flowered with a special charm in the home circle. It was to the loved ones at home that she unbosomed the sweet secrets of her lovely heart, that she spoke with entire abandon of people and things and events and pretty plans, scheming now as to how she would apportion a million dollars had she the sum to spend on missions, and now building a colossal air-castle home, fair and fit with every luxury, wherein she and her children and her children's children should live happily forever after. Indeed she never relinquished hoping and planning for a home where all would be together, even although it might entail a number of distinct houses, or one vast piece of land.

She was fond of reading aloud, and sometimes caused much amusement by her tireless pursuit all over the house until she found some one not too busy to listen to a short extract, be it a dialect story, which she was unusually successful in rendering, something new about the stars, which she loved to study, a half hour's article by Dr. Pierson from the latest *Missionary Review*, a newly arrived letter or a bit of verse. The famous little German poem on "*Der Mond als Schafer*," (The Moon as a Shepherd"), she found particularly appealing, as its descriptions of the shepherd Moon climbing the white hill clouds or peering through from his home behind the tree-tops, were compared with her own views of this same Man in the Moon, from the hammock swinging off the old apple trees of her Fredricksburg home.

When separated from home and the children she despatched long letters, nearly every one of which for the past twenty years have been preserved. These have detailed accounts of all doings, supplemented with much counsel, both of which it seems remarkable she found time to write and both of which were all gone over again with charming animation and zeal the minute she was inside the home, amidst a general scampering for her baggage on the part of the masculine juveniles and for her bonnet and gloves by the feminine contingent. "Mamma's quite a talker, isn't she?" the lad Preston remarked after a home-coming, when she had almost crystallized into a quarter of an hour the events of three months.

Her letters, fragmentarily although they must appear in print, can scarcely be read without imparting to the reader some sense of the tender and watchful mother spirit:

"You will imagine me a happy mother when I tell you I have received word from every one of my scattered children.

"No one need worry about a Christmas present for me. Getting home will be enough for me. I am on the train and have been for a little while. I am now on my way to my last appointment.

"I am anxious to have the children ready to sing for me when I get home. Since I have been away I have thought of Grandma Kreckler so much, how she used to love to have her children gather around the organ and sing. She often said that was her greatest delight."

"It seems to me we do not understand our relation to God, our heavenly Father, as we ought to, in order to enjoy life as he would have us enjoy it. Therefore I am always glad for anything that helps me to understand God's purposes more clearly, and I am eager to help others to the same end as much as is in my power to do."

"This is ——'s birthday. I gave him a book which Marguerite purchased yesterday. It is *Walden* by Thoreau. —— read from it some this evening. It is very entertaining. Here are a few of his sayings, 'Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines or rather indicates his fate. Self-emancipation even

in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination—What Wilberforce is there to bring that about? Think also of the ladies of the land weaving toilet cushions against the last day, not to betray too green an interest in their fates! As if you could kill time without injuring eternity."

"To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thought, not even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically but practically.' You will find it interesting reading, I think, some time when you come home."

"Solomon says, 'with all your getting get wisdom.' Oh for wisdom to learn to get most out of our lives. Dear ———, do not be untrue to your better thoughts. Always do that which you think will do you the most good. Do determine to build up your character, to be just the right kind of a man. And I am sure that the less you learn of the things that bring so much ruin into the world the better for you and the better for the world."

"I am anxious that you should start life right. Avoid even the appearance of evil. Do that which you believe in your heart will develop the better part of your being. You will then never have anything to regret. And you can always have the highest respect for yourself. You will remember that in one of her letters your sister ——— says she is learning to enjoy good conversations more than amusements. I think it would be of greater

value to you to seek companions who would be helpful to you in learning to converse freely, and for you to store your mind with things that will be profitable to talk about. Learn and study the things which will bring you good returns."

"I wish you to take a high standard in life, and study how to put into place the noble qualities in man. What is more beautiful than a Christian gentleman? One who knows what it is to be a Christian and a gentleman in the full meaning of the word. I want to tell you I am glad that you tell me these things. I would be very sorry indeed if you were to do things that you were afraid to tell mother. Make up your mind that you will never do that. And now let me tell you again to improve your religious advantages. You will never be sorry for learning how to be a true follower of Jesus. Never the longest day that you live."

"I am glad that you do try to take advantage of the religious privileges afforded at college. I want you to improve all such opportunities because you will never be sorry for it. I realize for myself that we need all the helps we can get to educate ourselves into good Christian people. What I greatly desire,—yes, above everything else is that my children bring their lives into harmony with God's will. That is what I am striving for myself."

"Now, my boy, I want to tell you that I wish my children,—all other people for that matter,—to do only such things as will tend to elevate. I wish you would think of these things. This last sentence reminds me of some of Paul's words, I believe I will

find them and quote them, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' "

"Oh, how I wish you would determine by the help of God to do only those things which will develop that part of your nature which will bring your whole life into harmony with God's will! By this I mean develop the better part of you. I don't mean now a sanctimonious person. But just to do your part toward becoming a 'perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' Eph. 4:13. I never have thought of these things as I have come to think of them lately. I feel that it is such a pity that we should be so ignorant or so unwise as to do things that we know will keep us from developing into such beings as we might be. I want you to determine with the grace of God to bring out of yourself all the possibilities hidden away in your mysterious being. That will imply helpfulness to others. You cannot develop your own best nature without being helpful to others, be it conscious or unconscious.

"I feel that there are great possibilities in you. You have very good natural abilities. And I cannot tell how I long to see them brought out to best advantage. I now have no selfish thoughts in mind at all; I am just wishing to have you as God wants you to be. I am praying every day as I never did before, for my children that their lives may be

brought into harmony with God's purposes. I don't care for methods or theories. I only care that we all be and do what is right and good. Of course the Bible is the best guide to help us along in understanding what is right. But it is not the only helpful book."

"I am so pleased with your decision in regard to the money you earned last summer, that I will write to you the first letter of the morning. I cannot tell you how delighted I am that you will thus remember the teaching of the Bible and give one-tenth of your first earnings to God's work in the world. I consider this a step in the right direction. I am assured if you will follow out all the principles laid down in the Bible you will be successful in life. I can wish nothing better for you than that you bring your life in harmony with God's will. I am becoming more and more convinced that our lives can be made to correspond with God's desire toward us if we will but study his laws and ask him to give us grace and wisdom to walk in his ways.

"I think one trouble with honest young people is, they take some one who is not worthy of being followed as their example, and they forget to learn directly from the Word of God through the Holy Spirit. I have always been desirous that my children be filled with the Holy Spirit. I have desired it for myself, too. And I do praise God for what the Holy Spirit has done and is doing for me; but I realize that I have been too slow to learn how to yield myself fully to the work of the Holy

Spirit. At the same time I also realize that I am learning along this line all the time.

"And life is becoming more interesting every day. I am learning to consider myself a part of God's plan to help the world as I never did before. There seems to be so much more in life when one understands it in that way. I will quote the words which I chose to commit this morning: 'I will pray the Father and he shall send you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever; even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive; for it be- holdeth him not, neither knoweth him; ye know him for he is with you; and shall be in you.' This study of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit has become a most delightful study to me. It would be a great joy to me if you were to take it up in your youth. Pardon me for continuing just a little. The thought of the very Spirit of God is wondrously beautiful to me. Let me quote a little from Andrew Murray: This Spirit of the Divine life is now to be in us, in the deepest sense of the word, the principle of our life, the root of our personality, too, the very life of our being and consciousness.' * * * 'Men always expect the kingdom of God to come with observa- tion; they know not that it is a hidden mystery, to be received only as, in his own self-revealing power, God makes himself known in hearts surrendered and prepared for him.' * * * 'Deeper than mind and feeling and will, deeper than the soul, where these have their seat, in the depths of the Spirit that came from God, there comes the Holy Spirit to dwell.'

"This dwelling is therefore first of all, and all!

through, to be recognized by faith. Even when I cannot see the least evidence of his working? I am quietly and reverently to believe that he dwells in me. In that faith I am restfully and trustfully to count upon his working, and to wait for it. His first workings may be so feeble and hidden that I can hardly recognize them as coming from him; they may appear to be nothing more than the voice of conscience, or the familiar sound of some Bible truth. Here is the time for faith to hold fast the Master's promise and the Father's gift, and to trust that the Spirit is within and will guide. In that faith let me continually yield up my whole being to his rule and mastery; let me be faithful to what appears the nearest to his voice; in such faith and such faithfulness my soul will be prepaid for knowing his voice better."

"We were surprised to hear of your school being so large. And are pleased to learn of the good conduct of your pupils, especially as the children of manufacturing towns do not generally bear very good reputations. You certainly have quite a large field of labor before you. Blessed child of God! With such glorious privileges of making our dear loving Saviour known to so many tender hearts. May the God give you grace to improve every opportunity of doing good that he so graciously grants you. May your meditations of our precious Saviour be sweet. May your communion with him be perpetual. It is a blessed truth that the more we commune with our dear Jesus the more attractive he becomes to us. May his grace be poured into your

lips and his light into your mind so that you may be enabled to speak of Jesus and his graces and gifts, his attributes and his perfections in such a way that they might behold Jesus in his beautiful and lovely and amiable character. The love of Jesus is an object, the greatest and most sublime that imagination can conceive and the most pleasing and important that the human mind can contemplate. Give yourself much to the prayerful study of the Bible. I am much pleased with your expressed desire of being a devoted follower of our precious, meek, and lovely Jesus."

"Seek that degree of faith which will enable you to subordinate all your desires of personal good to that standard which God has established, being willing and desirous to trust all your happiness, whether it relates to the present or the future, with that great and good Being who is infinite in wisdom, and whose unchanging law is Eternal Love, and who never does otherwise than right. Look to him in the exercise of faith that you may always be guided right. Choose your friends in the Lord, or rather, look to the Lord to choose them for you. And then you will be likely not only to choose them right, but to keep them long. And what otherwise would fail to be the case, it will be a friendship hallowed by the divine blessing. It is a great and blessed privilege to leave everything in the hands of the Lord; to go forth like the patriarch Shalam, not knowing whither we go; but only knowing that God leads us. 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanks-

giving let your requests be made known unto God.' Faith in its relation to the subject of it, is truly a light in the soul, but it is a light which shines only upon duties, and not upon results or events. It tells us what is now to be done, but it does not tell us what is to follow. And accordingly it guides us but a single step at a time. To live by faith and to cast all our cares upon God, who careth for us, is a way of living which may well be styled blessed and glorious, however mysterious it may be to human vision. Disappointment may afflict us; but it cannot disturb our serenity. We may undergo deprivations and sorrows, but if we are truly resigned to God in the exercise of faith, we will find in faith such a consolation and support that we will be enabled to remain peaceful and even thankful, recognizing God's hand in everything and knowing that he will permit only those things to come upon us which are for our good, our repose of the inward Spirit, which strong faith has brought into unity with God, will not be broken. We can always say, 'All is well.' Remain, therefore, in the attitude of waiting upon God, who gives light to the understanding as well as renovation to the heart. Neither yield to fear on the one hand, nor to suggestion of eager desire on the other hand.

"We ought not to desire and we certainly do not need anything which comes from the world, independent of God's will; but the illumination which comes from God's wisdom and God's will is indispensable. And it is so because it is precisely that which is adapted to the situation in which his prov-

idence has placed us. And if in humility and consecration of heart we are willing to trust him, he will always let all things work together for good. Let nothing discourage you but always trust in the Lord and make up your mind that God shall always be your refuge. We are so slow to learn, or at least I was a long time learning that to give all to the Lord is best, that I feel it is my duty to do all I can to bring others into a full trust in our perfect Saviour."

CHAPTER V.

"THE FRANCES WILLARD OF OUR WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY."

The story of Mrs. Kreckler's connection with the Woman's Missionary Society is the history of a heart replying "I can" when duty whispered "You must."

It was not because Mrs. Kreckler had any desire for pulpit or platform that she was a public speaker; it was not because she felt a native taste for mingling with the many, that her heart and life were interwoven with the destinies of the Woman's Missionary Society; it was not because she relished either leadership or control that she was in authority.

Hers was a nature that withdrew from publicity; hers was an affection that clung with everlasting tenderness and self-immolation round a few near, responsive hearts; hers was a temperament that leaned, depended, followed. True, the thrilling current of feeling that flows from speaker to rapt audience, the large and joyous love for a wide, wide world of friends, for a yet wider world of strangers, all of whose souls are felt to be like unto one's own, animated by the same breath of life, aspiring to the same high destiny; the spiritual luxury of being a power for good—all these results

of a consecrated public career, and greater than these came to Mrs. Krecker's waiting heart. But they were the harvest reaped with joy after long sowing in tears. The moments of ecstasy over success, the seasons of journeyings where glad welcome and sundry honors sometimes made of each day a triumphal arch, the communion with kindred spirits met here or there in her travels, which were mental and spiritual feasts, can never veil the reality that the beginning and much of the middle and ending of Mrs. Krecker's public life were grim duties, softened and illumined only by her dauntless devotion to duties, foreshadowing no intimations of the fine fruitage of that devotion,—the beautiful career of "The Frances Willard of the Woman's Missionary Society."

Returning from Japan as a lonely little widow, already impressing her children with her dependence on them, and looking forward to the time when she might lean more fully on their young vigor, she did not dream, as she passed rather wearily in that winter of 1886 from church to church, speaking in response to sweet welcomes-home,—she did not dream that her own youth would be renewed as the eagles' and that eighteen years of her enlarging service even then glorified the vistas of her future.

All that she realized was, that "My experiences have taught me to know that the path of duty is the only path of true happiness." So that when duty meant appearing on the public platform or in a church pulpit, it was sturdily met, not shirked.

How often in those long ago days, not with apology or pretentious hesitation, but out of unalloyed trepidation, she commenced her public speeches in this wise: "When —— asked me to give an address upon this occasion, I wrote something to this effect: 'I will be glad to be present and give an address!' Perhaps if he could have been able to see into my heart and mind, he might have thought I did not tell him the truth. For if I had answered him by saying: '—— I feel as if I couldn't appear before you, I must beg to be excused,' I would have written just as truthfully. The same could be said in reference to appearing before you now. I am glad to be here, and yet I tremble at the thought of what it implies. But it is because of my allegiance to my Master and his work that I can also find cause for rejoicing in the thought that an opportunity has been given to present its claims."

Of one of these first appearances in public, a long-known and long-loved co-worker recalls that "Soon after Mrs. Kreckler's return from Japan she gave us an address. While I cannot remember the address, I do remember how timid and really frightened she was when she appeared before the congregation. I compared that address with one she gave us two years ago,—then she was perfectly at home on the platform, and with such grace and ease did she address the Woman's Missionary Society that day, that many remarked of her ability and helpful words."

Much of Mrs. Kreckler's public work was ac-

counts of life in Japan, which were particularly prized by her audiences for the intimate acquaintance with things Japanese which they presented. As one widely-read hearer put it, she told about the little things of the Japanese every-day which always fascinates the listener with comparisons to his own daily life, and which most travelers omit as trivial. Of her simple narrative this is a typical sample. "We had but landed upon the shores of this beautiful isle, when a host of jinrikisha men pressed around about on all sides, who, though very polite, are none the less persistent; however, as the distance to the hotel was short, and we naturally shrank from being drawn by men, we dismissed them with the first of our Japanese vocabulary, 'Yoroshi, Yoroshi,' which means, 'your services are not required,' and as we walked on in the middle of the street, there being no sidewalks, we imagined ourselves looking like some European emigrants wandering along the streets of America.

"You will be pleased to know that they are very kind and polite to each other. If one happens to be unoccupied while another with a load begins the ascent of a hill, he will invariably assist his fellow workman. When we get to a steep hill, we expect to walk up, often however they will not permit us to do this. Should we insist upon alighting the men will be very profound in their bows and thanks. In short distances they will easily run from five to six miles an hour, and I have known them to go from forty to fifty miles a day, resting every few hours for lunch. When we were in the

country about a week ago, we visited "Dai Butzu," the great bronze idol of Japan, starting at about five o'clock one bright morning. The distance was eighteen miles one way. On reaching Kama-kuru, which is the name of the place where Dai Butzu," is situated, we spent some hours in viewing the idol and the scenery of the surrounding country which is very fine; we then called our men and started for home. Imagine our surprise, when on nearing home the men ran a race to see which would get to town first. The round trip being thirty-six miles, we arrived home about four o'clock."

Reminiscent of these early addresses, another dear friend wrote: "Well do we remember the interest manifested by her audience during her first address to the people of East Liberty, Ohio. The description of her journey to Japan and her work while there was new and of great interest to our people at that time, especially when told by herself.

"At this, our first meeting, although she did not speak of it, we were particularly impressed with the sadness of her sacrifice and the sorrow which had come to her only a short time before, and which was still fresh in our minds. The Christ-spirit which prompted her, after all this, to leave her family and take up the work of the church; this, with her willingness always to respond to its calls; her charity for others, and unbounded faith were most beautifully exemplified in our further acquaintance with her as she visited us some twelve or thirteen times afterwards, on missions of help-

fulness for the cause of our Woman's Missionary Society, giving addresses, organizing and in many ways directing and encouraging the work.

"Of the many inspiring addresses to which we listened, the two given at Mount Olive, Pennsylvania, some five years later, deserve mention. The vividness with which she portrayed the condition of the Japanese, and her touching experiences among them, melted many hearts. One sister came to the writer afterward and said, 'Cannot we give five dollars of our Woman's Missionary Society money to foreign missions? I do feel so sorry for those poor heathen children!' This being before the foreign fund was started by our women.

"It was a 'red-letter Sabbath-day' for our people at that place. Although in a rural district, the church was crowded both morning and evening."

There had been nearly a year of public speaking. When Mrs. Kreckler appeared before the first annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, in October, 1886, in Naperville, Illinois,—memorable introduction to a memorable little organization, whose fate in a measure was linked with hers, of much of whose progress she was destined to be the high priestess, and of many of whose largest attainments she was appointed the good guardian angel. Friends Mrs. Kreckler had far and wide in ever enlarging numbers, but none bound more closely to her heart than the women with whom she planned, prayed and worked in yearly session for the cause which she, with them, had espoused.

To her diffident spirit perhaps came no sweet

premonitions, no heavenly visions of these things as she rose face to face with the little company in the sunny little Illinois church to deliver the address which proved but the first of seventeen annual messages given in the same society. She feelingly began:

"I have thought much of this meeting. For the last few weeks I have thought of, and prayed for it every day; and I imagined it would be a grand and soul-inspiring occasion. However, the realization far exceeds the anticipation. It is not only a grand meeting, but it is a feast to the soul, even a feast of 'fat things' in the Lord. The joy that it causes me to see and meet with so many representatives of the bands of women who are willing to give of their time, their talent, their strength and their means for the cause of missions cannot be expressed. May the number of such women be multiplied a hundred-fold!

"For the work to be done is immense, and the call for help from the dying millions of those who are yet in heathen darkness is soul-melting; and the cry of our dear friends on the field is 'Workers, *workers*, WORKERS.' In a recent letter from Japan, ——— said, 'I wish I could multiply myself so as to be able to respond to all of the calls that present themselves to one for work.' He already has three or four Bible Classes a week, and as many preaching services, besides numerous other important duties. The work is so vast and so urgent that there is ever danger of the missionaries overtaxing themselves. I rejoice, dear sisters, in

the noble efforts you are making to have the women of our church realize their duty toward the women in heathen lands. It gives me much joy to be able to say that the women of Japan among whom it has been my happy privilege to labor, appreciate your love for them in thus trying to save them. And a vast field of labor is open before us in the country of Japan. The women of Japan need women."

While the peculiar fitness of woman to minister to the wants of woman was emphasized by Mrs. Kreckler, it needs only a perusal of her annual addresses as president of the society, to appreciate her breadth of view with respect to missionary enterprise; her faith in co-operation of the most far-reaching sort, including all the elements of the church and religious organizations for the best expression of the missionary spirit. "We need not set apart a portion of ourselves and, as it were, label it 'Missionary Department,'" she said in an annual address, "Let the missionary be our state of being, our general attitude, our spirit. We want our church to be one grand, great mission; we want every aspect of its work to glow with a halo of missionary interest; we want every member to be a missionary. Had I the power, I would not stop at organizing a Woman's Missionary Society in every congregation and making every woman a member of it, I would want so to enlarge our borders as to admit every man into a full membership and would then want to incorporate the society, as it would then stand, into the body of the church

so that it would no longer be a distinct society, but would be the church itself, so that no one would enter into the communion of the church but would by that act identify himself with missions at home and abroad. Then, indeed, the church would be able to fulfill her functions, her peculiar function of evangelizing the world.

"It is with this conception of the function of the church and of missions that we wish to approach our work.

"We wish thoroughly to understand, and we wish to permeate our work with the idea that the church fundamentally, is a missionary force, and that it is our aim to assist in infusing spirit throughout the church.

"When we come to put our ideas into practice, we will find it would be helpful if we could identify missionary work more closely with what is ordinarily termed the usual church work. In the past there has been some suggestion of this on my part, and there have been some manifestations of it in some of our societies, and I believe that by laying emphasis on it and by trying to work it out, we shall gain much toward the achievement of our aim."

Said an old time friend and associate in the Woman's Missionary Society, when remarking on Mrs. Krecker's presidential addresses, "I often say to myself how broad Mrs. Krecker is!"

Before Mrs. Krecker was called upon to make a presidential address, however, she had a report as general organizer to give. This office of general

organizer was created in 1891 and given to Mrs. Krecker, the society realizing the need of further measures to stimulate interest and growth, and deciding to appoint some one whose duties should be to travel in the interests of the society, reviving interest where it seemed to lag, and organizing new societies with all possible congregations.

While no complete record of Mrs. Krecker's work as organizer has been kept, she is known to have organized no less than one hundred and twenty-eight auxiliaries, and to have visited and organized every conference of the church save one, the Oregon, which had several times made unsuccessful efforts to have her come, and never ceased planning with that end in view.

"As a worker in the missionary interests of the church, she gave about twenty-six years of actual service," says the corresponding secretary of the society. "In 1897 she spent two months in Iowa, visited 24 churches and made 71 addresses—holding four services in some of the churches and organizing nineteen Woman's Missionary Societies and one Mission Band. The same year she visited three conference sessions in the East and two Branch conventions.

"That year she visited in all forty-one places, held seventy-six meetings, gave eighty-nine addresses and organized twenty-two auxiliaries. In 1896 she attended eight camp-meetings. I do not have the number of societies organized that year. In 1899 she attended four conference Branch conventions. Two of these she helped organize. She

organized twenty-one auxiliaries this same year, and made fifty-eight addresses.

"As I have looked over the records at my command I am filled with wonder at the amount of work she accomplished for the church."

One of the leaders in the Woman's Missionary movement and a cherished friend of Mrs. Kreckler, was one of the many who was roused to interest and zeal in mission work through Mrs. Kreckler's journeyings. She says, "It was the first address made by her that started the missionary fire in my heart, and I can look back to that visit and thank God that she not only interested others but me, and I am so thankful for it."

Of an Illinois visit, a former editor of *Missionary Tidings*, and dear companion in missionary work, affectionately writes: "It was during a five days' visit in our country home at Maple Park that I learned to know Mrs. Kreckler better than in all previous years before. She was wending her way Eastward, but would not go at once, because on her way she wanted to take in the Ohio Branch Convention, and so she waited in Chicago, spending the time with friends. This was in June, 1902, and the weather was intensely warm for that time of the year.

"In a letter to me concerning Woman's Missionary Society matters, she mentioned the fact of her waiting. I was not slow to see my opportunity, and the return mail carried her an invitation to spend at least a part of the time with me. The time was fixed to include a Sabbath, so that she

could present the cause of missions to our congregation, and it proved, indeed, to be a Sabbath-day of blessing. I think I never heard Mrs. Kreckler, at any time or place, speak as earnestly and eloquently as she did for us on that beautiful June day. She spoke both morning and evening to large and attentive congregations.

"But I was so absorbed by my enjoyment of her presence that I scarcely realized the uplift that her visit gave to our Woman's Missionary Society, until my attention was called to it by others. There was not much diversion in our quiet country home, and she seemed to enjoy the temporary freedom from all restraint of social formality and obligation. For five days we ate, and slept, and visited, and rode, and worked together, and I had a precious opportunity of studying the abandon of her life. So completely did she give herself up to rest, that, with the exception of the Sabbath day, I think we both oftentimes forgot that she was president of our Woman's Board. She had a keen sense of humor, loved nature, had abundant resources for entertainment within herself, and seemed to live constantly in the presence of her Saviour. Over and over again, as some vexing thought or disturbing question would assert itself to either one of us, she would simply and quietly lay it aside with the remark, 'We will tell Jesus.' Her natural reticence concerning herself and others lent an additional sacredness to her occasional confidences.

"That her one concern was to please Jesus was again confirmed to my mind on the Sabbath morn-

ing. Together we were preparing for the services of the day, when she requested some trifling assistance in her toilet preparations. Having complied with her request, I said, laughingly, 'There, Mrs. Krecker, that's fine! You see I want our president to look just right to-day.' She turned quickly, her eyes filled, and laying her hand upon my shoulder, she replied, 'My dear sister, if I may but please him to-day, I am satisfied.'

"Anything at all that could be utilized for the cause of missions was an object of interest to her. Just outside my study window I had placed a box and made a snug, safe shelter for a hen while hatching her young. That brood of chicks, I said, shall be my Thank-Offering next November. When once Mrs. Krecker learned of the good intentions of the plain old hen, her interest in her never abated, but with her own hands fed and cared for my "Missionary hen" until the close of her visit.

"That she could not be diverted from what she believed to be her duty the following incident will show: During the earlier years of our church organization, when foreign work seemed well nigh out of the question, it took consecration and courage to plead the cause of the heathen world. And yet Mrs. Krecker bravely faced frowns and discouragement in order that she might keep the cause before the people. She had made a date for a certain camp-meeting, but shortly before she was to speak, she was accosted by a minister, a high official in the church, with the request that she speak for the Woman's Missionary Society, but refrain

from urging the claims of foreign interest. A more combative nature might have resented the affront, a less courageous one become disheartened; but Mrs. Kreckler replied to him, 'Brother, I have my message from the Lord, just as you have yours. You have a right to demand it, and if you do, I will refrain from speaking what was in my heart to say, but you must bear the responsibility, if I fail in doing my whole duty.' Of course he would not bear such a responsibility and Mrs. Kreckler never spoke more eloquently for foreign work than she did that day.

"She spent a Sabbath in our home at Highland Park just before the last Board meeting that was held in Naperville. But the time was so taken up with services, and the following day with routine work preparatory to the coming Board meeting, that I do not think anything special occurred. The memory of that visit is simply a gracious benediction upon our home."

A long valued acquaintance remembers Mrs. Kreckler's last visit at Naperville, the scene of an early western visit and a favorite spot with her. "Our parsonage is on a beautiful elevated corner lot—just across the street from the North Western College, with its large campus covered with grass and trees. The yard of the parsonage is large, with fruit trees and grape arbor garden spot, and is just the place for a missionary to rest. Mrs. Kreckler spent nearly a week with us at this place. She used to walk up and down the walk, and in the evening sit on the veranda and enjoy the

quiet restful place. It was during this visit that Mrs. Byers and Beatrice took us to drive in the country. What a happy day we had! It was one of those bright, sunshiny days, not too warm, just perfect for a drive. From here she went to Pierceville, where she spent the Sabbath, speaking to large crowds."

Of visits to the Des Moines Branch, a friend, whose meeting with Mrs. Krecker instantly begot mutual love and admiration, retains many beautiful memories: "When the organization of our Des Moines Branch was in contemplation and some of us felt reluctant in the matter of assuming the responsibility, her sweet words of counsel and assurance and her earnest prayer that courage and strength might be given and the work undertaken and carried forward in the name of the Lord,—cannot soon be forgotten.

"During several conventions we had the pleasure and benefit of her presence. The last time at Cedar Rapids, in July, 1902. On Monday of the convention, as we were nearly ready to adjourn, she was obliged to withdraw in order to make her train going East. Business was suspended for a moment, while we joined in singing 'We'll Never Say Good-bye in Heaven.' She passed out of the door waving her handkerchief and smiling back to us with the light of heaven on her face. We did not know that it was our last glimpse on earth of one on whom we so largely depended for guidance in our work, and to whom we were so closely drawn

in Christian love. Dear Mrs. Krecker was truly an inspiration to the sisterhood of our church."

In recollecting the events of her first visit to Des Moines Conference Branch, and other happenings of the same summer twelve months later, Mrs. Krecker wrote: "Just one year ago I was traveling toward the Des Moines Conference, a section of our church territory toward which I had been looking expectantly and hopefully for several years. Now as I am seated at my table to carry out the wishes of our Woman's Board of Missions, by writing a condensed report of my year's work, beginning with the work in Iowa, it all rises up before me like a great panorama. The journey, the cordial reception everywhere, the interest manifested in our work; the eager, interested, expectant audiences; the sympathy manifested in my personal welfare; the blessedness of my labors in trying to present the claims of missions upon our people; the many kindnesses received, have all been crowded into a few moments of time and have filled my heart with joy and gratitude for the work I was able to do among our dear consecrated people in the Des Moines Conference, and has renewed the longing desire to see them and worship with them again, 'That I may impart unto you some spiritual gift to the end that you may be established, that is, that with you I may be comforted in you, each of us by the others' faith, both your and mine. And I would not have you ignorant of my increasing mention of you in my prayers making request that I may seek further fruit in you.'

“During the two months that were spent in Iowa I made seventy-one addresses, holding four services in some of the churches. Nineteen Woman’s Missionary Societies were organized and one Mission Band; two others promised to be organized. At Afton, Correctionville, Le Mars, and at Manly I found societies organized, with deeply interested and devoted workers. They now have twenty-five societies, and I had hoped a Branch would be organized ere this. While I have been disappointed in this respect, I still am full of hope that they will soon be organized and will continue to grow and become a powerful organization for the advancement of our Lord’s cause. Judging from the warm welcomes and the earnest, repeated invitations to come again, I might have thought I would be called upon to return to Iowa in a few months.

“In the East I took part in two Woman’s Missionary meetings and one Mission Band anniversary. I visited the three Eastern Conferences,—the East Pennsylvania, the Central Pennsylvania and the Pittsburg. I also had the privilege of being present at the East Pennsylvania Conference Branch Meeting and the Central Pennsylvania Conference Branch Meeting, both of which were seasons of great encouragement because of the good work done, the development of talent and the spiritual growth among our members. I visited Center District, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, where I organized two new societies. This district a few years ago had no societies. Now it has half of all the societies in the conference. The

success of the societies on that district have proven that rural districts are good ground for Woman's Missionary Societies. I visited five camp-meetings."

In making her official reports to the society space limitations alone prevented Mrs. Kreckler from mentioning by name all those who entertained, or in one way or another were associated with her. Often, in spite of herself, she inserted such incidental recollections, only again to curtail the whole and condense all her appreciative reminiscence into some little summary, such as this:

"I started home after an absence of three months. During that time, although absent from home, I was the constant recipient of kindness. The memory of the many dear sisters whom I could not mention here, is written upon the tablet of my heart, and I pray God to bless them and prosper them in their labors of love. I am greatly indebted to the brethren whose fields of labor I visited for the assistance rendered."

Yet, as Mrs. Vincent observes, "The many kind honors and attentions she received she always took as being accorded the work she represented rather than simply to herself personally."

Details that had to be omitted in official records, were entertainingly presented in her descriptions at home of her varied fortunes. Of these characteristic extracts are: "I had a very pleasant week at the camp-meetings. I had good accommodations. I met many fine people. I secured twelve subscribers for *Tidings* and organized an auxiliary with eight-

een members. Among the fine people I met was Mrs. ———. I had dinner in her home, and had a picnic dinner with the family and about half a dozen other friends of theirs. Mrs. ——— was very cordial and invited me to come to her home any time during the camp-meeting. She said she would be glad to entertain me at night any time or all the time. She also told me if I would come back next summer she would be pleased to have me arrange to spend a week or more with her. She said she is sure she could give me a nice time, and she would like me to meet some of her friends."

"The son of one of our members went to the altar. He had been addicted to drinking so much, that few people had any faith in his ever again reforming. I was asked to pray with him; I did so. He was happily converted. He then told me that I had started him to repentance. He told me of the preachers; that he was much pleased with my work on Sunday, and that he put something into the collection. Then afterward he thought to himself, 'Well, well, now I have given something to give the gospel to the heathen, and I myself am going down to destruction.' He could not forget the thought and made up his mind to change.

"Mr. ——— said he heard so many good reports of our meetings. Among other things one brother told him, 'We have had the Bishop and others, but this was the best.' He had also heard that we had a very good meeting on Tuesday afternoon. We did have a blessed time. Mr. ——— had told me if I would promise to speak in his church, he would

have one hundred ladies there that afternoon at four o'clock. But we had our meeting arranged for in a private house. I told him I couldn't. I thought it was very kind of him to tell me for my encouragement. He said one brother said he could not speak too highly of my effort. One young man sent me a lot of hot-house flowers. And I had felt a little blue over it all! I had rather felt as if I had not done very well!"

"I also met the Rev. Mr. ——— at the convention. He is stationed just about twelve miles from ———. He was very glad to see me. Nothing would do but that I stop off and give him a visit. He has several times told me he is as glad as if his mother had come. I think he feels a little lonely sometimes, being so far from all his relations. He has a very pleasant wife, and a dear little girl sixteen months old. I came home with him last evening after supper. They ordered some ice cream for the evening. They are doing all they can to make it pleasant for me. They want to go fishing this afternoon; a few miles out of town I believe. I suppose we will have a good time."

"I am glad we have all been too busy to get homesick. Of course I often feel that it would be nice to have all my children around me; but yet as long as I am kept occupied by my work, I am contented, especially as long as the children each are also occupied by their own duties. Above all when I have reason to think they are contented and are trying to do what is right. I am more and more impressed with this truth—that God's laws are not

arbitrary laws, but that everything that he asks of us is for our own good and development."

"Our women in the ——— Conference are fine people. Some of them are talented women. They have numerous difficulties to contend with, but they are brave, noble and self-sacrificing women in many instances. Mrs. ——— is a good and gifted woman. She is timid, but she goes right ahead with her duties. You will remember she is the president of the Branch.

"On Monday I went to ———. We had a refreshing rain, but we could have no meeting. I was very sorry, because they expected to organize there—the pastor did, and I am sure the people would have been willing. The pastor will attempt, and I am sure he will succeed.

"I came to ——— ——— last evening. We have a large congregation at this place and a good Woman's Missionary Society. I had a very warm reception. This afternoon I am to meet the women. We had an appreciative audience last evening. I spoke over an hour. Some said they could have listened all night. One sister said I held the audience 'Spell bound.' At ——— one sister said she had never seen such a quiet audience. It was a very warm day at that.

"Such remarks prove the interest and appreciation. In the prayers they thank the Lord for what they have heard. Remarks of that kind keep up my courage. I fear there would be danger of me getting so tired of hearing myself that I might

get discouraged at my efforts if I didn't realize that the people appreciate them."

"I wrote you a letter in the early part of this week; so that you will have heard of my movements. Of course, it is not all plesure; but a great deal of real delight is connected with my work. My greatest difficulties lie in the fact that so many people are indifferent in regard to the work which I represent. Yet I am glad for the degree of interest I do find. Some of our people are deeply interested. We have some very enthusiastic workers. Some people make real sacrifices for the cause. And they rejoice in the privilege of helping to extend Christ's kingdom.

"My change is doing me good. My experiences are full of interest; not without weariness, of course, but I take all the rest possible. Yesterday I had a drive of twenty-five miles across the plains of Nebraska, not a tree to be seen for miles. All the houses in this part of the country are made of sod. The parsonage is a frame building. But they have no trees or flowers. A few wild flowers grow on the prairie. They are three miles from the church. It was after nine o'clock last night when service began. We had a church filled with attentive listeners. We organized an auxiliary with six members. It was after twelve when we reached the parsonage. This forenoon I will be taken on a two hours' drive. I am to have a meeting in a private house.

"Yesterday I had to stop here and have not had time to write since. We started with two horses

and a buggy, Mr. and Mrs. ——— and I. We drove for about two hours among hills and canyons. It is a wonderful country. I have been able to realize that I am in the Wild West. The meeting in the afternoon consisted of twelve grown people. We had a very interesting meeting. A little after four o'clock we started for the evening appointment, about eight miles distant. A storm seemed to be coming up, but we started. We drove from one canyon into another. What added to the interest or excitement was that Mr. M——— did not know the way. We didn't know where we were; then we saw some one working; we had been driving across ploughed fields trying to find the road. Mr. ——— asked the man, 'Can you tell me where I am?' He said, 'You are down in the potato patch just now.' He directed us so that we finally reached our destination at half past six o'clock.

"The storm did not overtake us, but it soon came, and it thundered and lightened until after eleven o'clock. We could have no meeting. I am to come back for a Sunday afternoon service, about twelve miles it will be. We were with very nice people in a sod house. We are at another place for dinner, in a sod house again. After dinner we are going to ———, where I am to speak this evening. We are in a canyon with no other house in sight, no trees and no flowers. Inside the house they seem very comfortable."

To her co-workers our traveler was reporting: "At ——— I met Miss ———, who is seriously thinking of becoming a foreign missionary. She

and her father drove ten miles on a very stormy evening to attend the missionary meeting. Miss —— is teaching just now, but intends continuing her education in some higher school of learning. I hope when she is ready to go we may have a place ready for her, and not oblige her to join another denomination in order to take up the work she feels called to, as was the case with Miss ——, now in South America, under the Methodists. I also met at this place, probably the oldest officer of our society, Miss ——, who is seventy-five years of age, is the president of the —— auxiliary. Her sister, Mrs. ——, who is eighty years of age, is also an active member of that society. With the loyal examples of 'Aunt Harriet' and 'Aunt Eliza,' none of our women need plead age as an excuse for not entering the work.

"While waiting in the station at —— I met two Japanese women, Miss ——, who is attending school in this country, and Mrs. ——, president and founder of the first Christian Industrial school for girls in Tokio, Japan. The school was founded some years ago for the children of the poor, to educate them to become self-supporting, and at the same time develop a Christian character. The school opened with thirteen scholars and now numbers forty, the first class of six members graduating last June. Increasing numbers of applications for admission had to be refused and Mrs. —— is now in this country to collect funds for enlarging the school.

"These ladies' presence here emphasizes anew

the great need of our heathen sisters. Japanese women have been called the most womanly women in the world; their position in many respects is much superior to that of most Oriental women, yet it is a sad truth that they are also among the most degraded, and Mrs. ——'s circular announces that with all the recent progress in Japan, 'Less has been actually accomplished in this (the elevation of women) than in any other department of national life.' May we, whom God has so graciously favored, do all in our power to help them!"

Meantime, side by side with the office of General Organizer ever since the autumn of 1892, Mrs. Krecker has been carrying the presidency, retaining both until death did her part from all matters earthly, having added to them now and again such other posts as the wishes of her comrades and exigency demanded, such as Superintendent of the Young People's Missionary Society of the East Pennsylvania Conference Branch, or editor of the Young People's Missionary Society department of the *Tidings*.

It is in Mrs. Krecker's review of the progress of the society during the preceding ten years, which she made on the tenth anniversary of her occupancy of the presidential chair, that some of the projects for which she was mainly, if not wholly responsible, were enumerated, although it requires a reading of all her addresses to appreciate the effort she gave to every feature of the society's work, and to realize her practical efforts and suggestions for having it increase in all good words and works. Her annual

addresses gave her much thought, and were prepared with the realization that they would touch the very pulse of the missionary machine in the Woman's Board. Furthermore, that in their printed form they would be addressed to the entire society. As one of her daughter's remarked: "The Kreckers year is divided into two parts, before the annual meeting, and after."

Among the features of Woman's Missionary Society work suggested by Mrs. Kreckers, the Woman's Missionary Society Day at Camp-meetings, Self-Denial Week, Missionary Rallies at the church colleges, annual missionary sermons by the church clergy are a few. But it is only by a perusal of her presidential addresses that an understanding may be had of the careful inquiry she gave to all departments of the society; with what breadth she construed its functions; how fervently she strove to bring, devise and execute the proper means for the fulfilment of these functions, and how many of the ideas she proposed found fruition in the developments of the society.

Relative to one phase of her work, the Rev. Dr. W. M. Stanford, editor of the *Evangelical*, and long Mrs. Kreckers's staunch friend, has acutely noted that "She came home from Japan almost in the very opening of our internal church strife, and for ten years thereafter, on this account, as the General Organizer of our Woman's Missionary Society, she had to work against a very discouraging tide. As a Bishop of the church at that time, we had a good chance to know something about

this. While the church was in the throes of battle at home, thus demanding all her financial strength for this purpose, it was a very hard thing to get consideration for the further extension of "Woman's Special Work." In those trying days, of which our now young men know but little, we had to proceed on the principle of "but one thing at a time," or possibly endanger our very existence as a church. This good sister, therefore, in traveling over the church as she did, was often made to breathe a very "cool" atmosphere, even in "hot weather." This was not because of any coolness toward her personally, but because of the untimeliness of the work in which she was engaged. Under such untoward circumstances, coupled yet with the natural stupor of a large class of uninformed Christians about foreign missionary work, many a less consecrated woman would have quailed and given up the seemingly unequal struggle. But on she went, commissioned from on high, and thus undaunted by circumstances or conditions, broke into communities with her special work wherever possible, until at last the unremitting efforts of our consecrated sisterhood are being crowned with encouraging fruitage in the Chinese Empire. Mrs. Kreeker carried with her a most genial, courteous and womanly bearing, and this was coupled with a patience that was almost inexhaustible; and yet, in overcoming obstacles she pushed her claim with a vigor born of an invincible faith in God's goodness and promises, and with a pluck and energy that was well nigh indomitable. In public speech she was

clear in statement, forcible in argument, and practical in application. She cared not for earthly praise or glory. Her life activities seem not to have moved forward from any mere motive for earthly gain or selfish consideration. She was actuated by higher and nobler incentives. In all these things she kept her eye on her heavenly inheritance. She permitted nothing to intervene to obscure her bright vision of that "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

One of Mrs. Kreckler's bright particular schemes was a foreign fund, a project established by the Woman's Missionary Society for gathering means to form a foreign mission, set forth in 1895, and carried to a successful issue in 1900, when the mission was a reality, and Rev. and Mrs. C. Newton Dubs, highly valued personal friends of Mrs. Kreckler's, sailed for China.

Too many hearts were centered on the attainment of this consummation, too many lips prayed for it, too many hands and heads had worked for it for the achievement to be credited to any one person. But the fact remains that more than one clergyman of high standing in the church has remarked to one or another of Mrs. Kreckler's children, that if it had not been for their mother he did not think there would be a mission in China to-day.

These definite facts, however, even for the ground they are intended to cover, are somewhat fragmentary, and even were they complete, would not include many achievements as president which cannot be tabulated, and the lovely spiritual influences

of her character and personality which can never be computed or recorded, save as they remain as beautiful imprints on the minds of those who knew or heard or saw her.

To this President and Organizer in the course of the passing years, ever here and there, came some little added responsibility, or some brief rest or diversion, every experience enriching the treasures of her unfolding career. Ever since her first years home from Japan she had held some local or county office in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, among some of whose leaders she formed pleasant friendships, and for whose visiting representatives her Fredericksburg home was headquarters.

In 1893 she writes: "I reached Chicago in the morning at seven o'clock, where I was met at the Union depot by our beloved sister, Mrs. ———, at whose hospitable home I was cordially welcomed and invited to make my home during my stay in Illinois. Those only who by experience know what it means to leave their homes to remain from loved ones months at a time, know how to appreciate the offer of a pleasant home.

"On the morning of May 17, I started for the World's Congress of Representative Women, which convened in the Permanent Memorial Art Palace of that city, and was the first of the series of World's Congresses to be held there during the World's Fair.

"The object of this Congress was to 'celebrate the remarkable progress and achievements of women, especially since the discovery of this continent in

1492.' It comprised 'all organizations of women of what ever name or object, and all distinguished women, whether they belong to any particular organization or not.' These met 'on absolutely equal terms, for the advancement of women everywhere.' The fact that so many women, representing numerous countries and all possible organizations of their sex, were able to lay aside entirely their individual differences and work together as with one mind, was truly wonderful.

"One reason why everything was so harmonious was because the women had not come to discuss their grievances, but rather to find points of agreement. And this lesson was learned, that however varied the methods of work, they are all women with one aim—the uplifting of womanhood, and through it of humanity.

"To hear and see so many brave and noble women, some of whom had spent a lifetime in laboring for the betterment of their fellow beings, was soul-stirring and made me feel as if I could realize that the earth is indeed being drawn heavenward. I could not help wishing that all women might have enjoyed the opportunity of being present in such a gathering.

"Particularly did I long to have all our women share the inspiration which came to me. I felt that we should take new courage to do our part toward elevating mankind, toward bringing them nearer God, especially when we call to mind that it was the self-sacrifice which a few high-souled women displayed for many years, and then love for

mankind which had brought about so great a change in women and made this Congress possible. My principal duty was as a representative of our Woman's Missionary Society to read a report of the work of our organization."

At this Congress of Representative Women Mrs. Krecker was also requested to speak on the Ethics of Dress. Her talk opened with these three queries: "Shall we express our individuality in dress or be governed by fashion? Shall we dress according to our own convictions regardless of the opinion of others? Considering the state of the world, how much time, thought and money shall go to dress beyond hygienic, decent clothing?" It closed with this beautiful quotation from Mrs. Dinah Muloch Craik, whose pretty and popular story of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' was much admired by Mrs. Krecker: "Let us only so clothe ourselves that this frail body of ours while it does last, may not be displeasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be 'clothed upon with its Maker's own glorious immortality.'"

A dear comrade remembers Mrs. Krecker's visit to the White City: "It was in the May of 1893 that Mrs. Krecker spent a few weeks in Chicago. My sister, Mrs. ———, who lived on the south side at that time, invited Mrs. Krecker and myself to make her a visit, and from there she took us to the World's Fair. It was soon after the opening of the Fair. A great many of the buildings were not complete, but the Women's Building, the Art Build-

ing and very many others were well furnished. Mrs. Kreyer was especially attracted to the pictures in the Art Building and wanted to spend all her time admiring the magnificent painting. She would sit down in front of the pictures and apparently seemed lost in admiration of the beautiful scenes before her."

During the summer of 1893 came an especially and ever treasured pleasure in a trip to Northfield's Moody Summer Convention, whither, to their delightful Northfield home, Doctor (now Bishop) H. B. Hartzler, then connected with the Moody Bible Schools, and Mrs. Hartzler, her long-loved friends, had invited her.

Says Mrs. Hartzler of that summer: "During her visit with us in August, 1893, in Northfield, it was a great pleasure to her to meet quite a number of returned missionaries present at the gathering. Dr. Pierson had charge of the Missionary Day, when all missionaries were asked to be seated on the platform. I urged her to go at his request, which she did. After an earnest speech from Dr. Pierson on the topic in question, she, having been asked to speak, told of the great need of work and workers.

"And I shall never forget how her face so sweet and beautiful at all times—shone with interest and fervor as she stood before that large audience. Each speaker was given but five minutes, but Dr. Pierson requested her to exceed that limit, as his own heart was touched by her earnestness. After the service all the missionaries were invited to a tea

served at Dr. Pierson's home, on the pretty green lawn; and in this of course your mother shared. I shall not forget how she enjoyed the Bible lectures; which she drank in 'like fresh, cooling, spring water,' as she remarked to us one day on her return from the Auditorium.

"Mrs. Tel Sono was our guest at the same time, and what Japanese chats were carried on at the tea-table! Mrs. Tel Sono was much in love with your mother, and was always ready to answer any inquiries put to her. Your mother also gave a talk at the School for Young Men at Mt. Hermon, which was of great interest to the 400 young men students there. And she spoke at several ladies' missionary meetings at which I presided.

"Oh, how she did feast on the precious words of Mr. Moody! We frequently 'compared notes' after the meetings, and hers were always complete. One evening, after attending a lecture by Professor F. B. Meyer, she said: 'Do not disturb me; I must write down some of the good thoughts.' I forgot her injunction and spoke to her—she shook her head and smiled. Afterward she said, 'Do you remember how heavenly it seemed to-day in that building?' Those days spent with us at Northfield remain fresh in our memories.

"In a letter written just a week before her home-going she said, 'How often I think of the precious days spent in your delightful home and the talks on the subject (missions) so dear to us both.' But we both are laid aside, as it seems, for the present; but all things work together for good to them that

love God—and we love him. I want to thank you and the good Bishop for the messages of love just before your illness in July. I prize them very highly and have often felt grieved that I was not able to answer them.' ”

August of the following summer, 1894, Mrs. Kreyer, with her family, spent at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna, in a cottage adjoining that of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Capp, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, whose long and precious friendship dated from the old Lebanon days. Here she made an address on Japanese life, and among many other acquaintances much enjoyed her conversations on pure food and cookery standards with Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the authority on culinary matters, exchanged products of the kitchen with Mrs. Rorer, and was the only one at the Chautauqua who could supply that lady with whole wheat flour when the famous cook's own supply was exhausted. Here, too, she relished her conventions with the late Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose brother she had well known in her young womanhood.

A few years later she attended the ninetieth anniversary of the Pennsylvania Society, held in Philadelphia, in 1898, writing of it that, “Clergymen from Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran and other denominations were there participating with prayer and Scripture reading, and then, after a resume of the society's work by its secretary, and some of the stirring hymns handed down from Luther, rendered by students from a theological

seminary of the denomination bearing his name, the beatitudes were read, first in English and then in twenty-nine foreign languages, in many cases by natives, illustrating, though not by any means exhaustively, the variety of lands into which the society has translated the Bible and the number of lands into which it has introduced Scripture truths. I read the Japanese.

“After further music, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of the Methodist Church, made an address in which he referred with much missionary interest to his experiences in the Oriental lands, from which he had just returned. He said that often while in the midst of heathenism he tried to think of some metaphor or figure that would illustrate his sensations. Sometimes, he said, he felt like a man submerged in a dark, filthy river, groping about for pearls and compelled, over and over again, to rise to its surface for a bit of air and light.

Mrs. Kreckler was at this time living in West Philadelphia, in a home to which she became particularly endeared, and she there found keen pleasure in hearing reformers and speakers of note as her time permitted. The hours spent in listening to Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth and Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, were always held in grateful remembrance. Ever and anon came invitations to meet with or address the Woman’s Missionary Society of other churches than her own, and now and then a visit, if but for a day or two, or even an hour or two, with some former associate in Japan, renewed delightful associations.

It was in the spring of 1900 that a missionary feast was spread for her in the Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions, held in New York, in May of that year.

"How inspiring were the crowds that gathered at the sessions of the conference and the great halls," she wrote in raptures. "Carnegie Hall never had a vacant seat. The great platform was filled, the seats on the main floor were filled, all the seats in the boxes, balconies and galleries were taken, and along the walls on every floor rows of patient listeners were standing. On closing night, when some of the doorways themselves leading into the auditorium of Carnegie Hall were utilized as standing room, the guards forbade anymore to attempt entrance; still, as late as ten o'clock, the little groups of hopeful waiters lingered around the lobby. Not a meeting opened but swarms of people were crowded at the doors long beforehand, sometimes extending quite across the pavement outside."

"A delightful incidental feature of the conference was the daily tea in the parlor connected with Carnegie Hall. Each afternoon found a few ladies of New York the hostesses, pouring tea and passing wafers for as many guests as the spacious room could contain. Here, many old-time acquaintances again greeted one another after years of separation, and here also, many admirers of certain missionary heroes and heroines found an opportunity to become acquainted with their favorite workers. A hearty friendliness in addition to an air of polite sociabl-

ty pervaded the atmosphere, lending it a characteristically mission-life quality.

All missionaries are friendly, but medical missionaries regard themselves as enjoying a peculiarly near fellowship with one another. This was perhaps the origin and certainly was the sentiment of the luncheon in honor of medical missionaries. As the widow of one who was a physician and whose missionary work in Japan was largely of that character, I became one of the guests. Next to me sat Mrs. J. C. Hepburn, wife of the eminent physician of that name, one of Japan's veterans and also a famous linguist, the compiler of a Japanese-English dictionary. The two went to the mission field sixty years ago as bride and groom. On my other side was Mrs. Margaret Bottome, founder of the Order of King's Daughters, and then came Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary and founder of the China Inland Mission. Among the many guests was Dr. Rife, of Illinois, one of the sons of the United Evangelical Church, and now a missionary to Micronesia. It was an honor, indeed, to my mind, to break bread with these famous workers, and to talk together of the work of the Lord."

"Attractive to me indeed were many of the faces at the conference, and of those none more beautiful than that of Mrs. Geraldine Guinness Taylor, the daughter-in-law of Dr. J. Hudson Taylor. With many gifts of body and mind, which gave her great charms as a speaker, she had united a spirit of the sweetest, purest religion, which irradiated all her being.

"Dr. John G. Paton, dear aged person, seemed particularly beloved of all the great crowds. Never was his name mentioned during the conference that the immense halls did not resound with spirited clapping of hands. His abundant hair and long beard are perfectly white and he always uses a staff. His manner and speech is child-like in their simplicity and show a truly grand spirit of sincere, heroic Christianity.

"Another sweet and beautiful simple personality was that of Dr. Hudson Taylor, whose many words on devotion and faith in God chiefly emanated from his own experience. Like Dr. Paton, he too is somewhat patriarchal in appearance. Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick—a sister to Miss Anna Gordon, Frances Willard's associate, and a member by marriage of the celebrated family, Gulick—had a benign motherly and thoroughly sweet and refined presence that greatly endeared her to me. As many of the readers of *Missionary Tidings* may know, she is the head of the American school for girls in Spain, a missionary institution of long and honored standing.

"A lady of great interest and influence is Miss Lilivati Singh, president of the Lucknow College, India, who appeared in her native flowing, bright red costume, and spoke a number of times at different halls and churches during the conference. On one occasion she gave me something of her own story, tracing the kindling of a great ambition in her to the reading of biographies of noted American women, particularly that of Mary Lyon. Those

examples of Christian womanhood fired her with a determination to do great things for her countrywomen. She lays great stress on the value of missionary educational work, for only by increasing intelligence have the benighted women of pagan countries learned the meaning of much that is required of them by Christian law."

It was at the Ecumenical Council that Mrs. Kreckler spoke with Arthur T. Pierson, whose monumental work for missions she much admired, on establishing a center for prayer as England had in Greenwich; it was there that Dr. Hudson Taylor, of China, said to her, "Your face is a benediction," and it was there that a lady of the Episcopal Mission of Japan observed that Mrs. Kreckler was the handsomest and the most graceful of the missionaries that filed one by one across the vast platform of Carnegie Hall, when all missionaries of past and present were requested to pass in review before the audience. Mrs. Kreckler bowed prettily as she approached the center of the stage in the procession, and her face was illuminated as always with her smile and her softly resplendent eyes.

About two years later came the enjoyable trip to Toronto, to the Student Volunteer's Convention, whence she wrote home spiritually of her delights.

In 1901 a general family dismemberment impelled Mrs. Kreckler to give up her Philadelphia home and go to live with her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Waterman Vincent, in New York's attractive suburb, East Orange, New Jersey, where the sparkling presence of the little grandchild Rosemary became a

fountain of delight for the grandma, whom Rosemary passionately loved, and whose true pet she was. "One time I remember," says Mrs. Vincent, "she (Mrs. Krecker) got home late in the evening, instead of making a stopover in Philadelphia to rest over night, because she was so anxious to get back to see Rosemary." Every letter from the grandma traveler that reached the little child's home, bore its criss-cross marks with some such legend as, "These kisses and loves are for my little sweetheart. I wonder who my little sweetheart is?" or "I am afraid my little sweetheart is forgetting her grandma. Here I send kisses for her."

In East Orange, too, agreeable associations were renewed with a number of Japan acquaintances living in or about the same pretty spot, among them famous Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Hepburn, the family of Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Corell, who had been the first to greet Dr. and Mrs. Krecker in Yokohama, and Dr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Amerman, together with their daughter, Mrs. William Potter Sutphen, whom Mrs. Krecker had taught with her own children in Tokio. Here, too, the First Presbyterian Church became the center of many pleasant associations, Mrs. Krecker becoming one of the Mission Band leaders and enjoying congenial fellowship, as always, winning admiration and esteem. A visitor to the church instantly picked her out as one of the women leaders.

The fiscal year of 1902 dawned with big promises of accomplishment in behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society, and during the first month or two

proved energetic enough, with tours in the East including a Thanksgiving Missionary Service in Germantown, and bringing our missionary tourist home just in time for the brilliant and beautiful holiday season.

For the new year, at the request of the editor of *Missionary Tidings*, she penned for that paper "To all my beloved co-workers—1903 greetings!" saying, "In this New Year's message I wish particularly to emphasize our motto. Let us this year devote ourselves with enthusiasm to its realization. Some of our Branches have pledged themselves to special efforts for increasing the membership. Will not every member fall into line and make this our battle cry for the year? It is not in our power to measure what might be done if our members would yield themselves wholly to God to be used of him, to realize our motto.

"Let us not be satisfied with what we have done, nor with what we are doing, but only with what we can do. The most effectual way to accomplish all that we can do, is to give Christ the absolute right of way in each of our lives. This is not our work, but Christ's. His own Spirit must be within us to strengthen and to stimulate us,—“without me ye can do nothing”—nothing of real abiding value. So may we place ourselves humbly and trustfully in his hands to become simply instruments of the Holy Spirit. I should like to add a suggestion for the monthly auxiliary meeting. All missionaries speak with such touching appreciation of the prayers of those at home. Will not each auxiliary set

aside a short period in every meeting for special prayer for our missionaries,—silent prayer, followed by one aloud, or earnest sentence prayers? It would bring all of us into closer touch both with our heavenly Father and with our dear missionaries.

“No meeting should be held without leaving sometime for the latest word from China; and in connection with it special prayer could be offered.

“Blessed are the faithful, patient women who unselfishly, self-sacrificingly, steadfastly work to promote the object, and carry out the plans of our Woman’s Missionary Society. My heart goes out full of loving wishes for all our dear women, that each may realize this full happiness our work can give. Yours for the service of the Master,

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

When the midnight bell proclaimed the New Year which these sweet and loving wishes had blessed, there was ushered in the first year since 1876, that Mrs. Krecker did not enter into active work for missions. Yet, when it is remembered that all through the still months of 1903 from her eager soul, zealous and live as before, albeit imprisoned in a disabled body, there were wafted prayers for the coming of God’s kingdom as fervent as any she ever uttered from rostrum or pulpit; that the development and welfare of her beloved society were pondered as solicitously in her solitude as ever they had been discussed with her comrades; that her spiritual vision, the lovelier counterpart of her physical eye, day by day followed each dear friend

and co-worker in their loving labors even more closely than her footsteps had brought her to the scenes of their enterprises,—when all this is remembered, it is verily impossible to conceive as inactive the fair ,frail little body that lay in her quiet little chamber in East Orange, New Jersey, or breathed the country fragrance of Verona, New York. Nor is it possible to imagine that these holy ministrations yielded no appreciative return, subtle and indefinable, perhaps, yet sweet and all pervasive, as the consciousness was borne in upon the workers, here, there and elsewhere, that their president, silent and far away, held them and their cause in affectionate and prayerful and ceaseless remembrance. Rather be it said that Mrs. Kreckler, then and to the end, as much as hitherto, was “the most representative woman of the Woman’s Missionary Society.”

CHAPTER VI.

UP TO THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF LIGHT.

"Up to the beautiful City of Light" were the first sweet words of a hymn that Dr. and Mrs. Krecker loved to join their children in singing in the Sunday twilight when gathered on the piazza of their Japanese home. The doctor had left for the beautiful city—left like a victor for his crowning, twenty years ago.

It was now the eve of Mrs. Krecker's going.

In the March number of the *Missionary Tidings* of the year 1903, appeared a note penned by a pale little woman that tingled with longings to be about its wonted work.

"It has been a joy," it ran, "to note the zeal of many of our women since the beginning of the fiscal year in missionary institutes, missionary conferences, together with various other activities.

"During the autumn after the Woman's Board Meeting it was my pleasure to spend about six weeks in the East Pennsylvania Branch, attending missionary institutes, visiting auxiliaries, and giving missionary addresses. I was happy in being able to organize two new societies, and I trust to strengthen the work I visited and the workers I met.

"The next few succeeding weeks were anticipated

as a time for quiet rest with my family. These were interrupted by a sudden severe attack of illness from which I am now slowly recovering. This period of enforced inactivity has given me time to think of our various workers, East and West, and many moments have been occupied in recalling the numerous kindnesses received during my different journeyings and in praying for all the beloved workers. I take particular pleasure in thinking of our missionary rallies in which the workers from different societies met to exchange views and compare methods of work. They abound in inspiration and helpfulness and will bear much good fruit."

A harsh cold had revealed an affection of the heart of long standing and had made Mrs. Kreckler captive to the infirmities of the flesh. Adorable little woman! as lovely as an invalid as in radiant health. She was the pet of her two nurses during the first prostrate weeks in her room, each of whom enjoyed matching her soft pink wool shawl against the delicately white and rosy cheeks, and charmed all with her truly youthful zeal in regaining strength.

By spring the physician had given her permission to take a short trip provided she would not be decoyed to work. The first weeks of June were passed with cousins at the sea shore, the summer in Mrs. Vincent's summer cottage "Lilacs," at Verona, New York, much of her time going to reading, ever a favorite pastime. Of these months and their rest, a forerunner of a grander repose from all that disquiets or wearies, her letters are records.

EAST ORANGE, New Jersey, April 28, 1903.

This is another charming day! For the past few weeks the outlook from my bed-room window has been very pretty. The green lawns and blooming trees bring constant delight. How often I have wished that you could share with me the scene. It has been a great help to me to have these beauties to look upon from my window during these days and weeks that I have not been able to get from the home.

Thank you for the clippings. We enjoy them. Marguerite has told you that we have read a number of biographies. I greatly enjoy reading about noble characters such as Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Fuller and Horace Mann and Queen Victoria. Those are some of the books we have read lately. I have also read some of Mabie's essays, as well as some of Lubbock's. I have enjoyed all very much.

From "The Breakers," Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK, N. Y., May 7, 1903.

Beulah and I have been reading some of Ruskin's works. Some of Lubbock and Mabie and have enjoyed all very much. Of course I read Murray and the Bible with much pleasure, and have found much comfort in them.

ASBURY PARK, N. Y., June 13, 1903.

I wonder how you are this beautiful morning? It is simply a charming day, rather cool, but oh, so invigorating.

The waves—the breakers are fascinating—since the last rain storm the ocean is more lively than it had been.

I was fortunate enough to hear from each one of my dear children this morning. It was a great treat.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., June 15, 1903.

The principle reading that I did at Asbury Park was the book you left me, "Democracy and Social Ethics," Addams. I enjoyed it very much. I think you and I heard her give the substance of the last chapter in Philadelphia.

From "Lilacs."

VERONA, N. Y., June 27, 1903.

The cottage home looks comfortable and attractive. Two peonies near the front porch are in bloom—one white one and one pink one. Mrs. Sleight had sent a bouquet of white roses to Marguerite, which added to the cozy appearance of the "living hall." In the evening I called upon Mrs. Case, who picked some more choice roses and gave them to me. At Rome I had received a beautiful bouquet of roses and other posies before leaving. We feel rich in pretty flowers.

To a Dear Friend.

VERONA, N. Y., July 8, 1903.

We are expecting much benefit from the pure air of this part of the country, surrounded by beautiful green fields, covered with clover blossoms of pink



COTTAGE AT VERONA.

and white, also plenty of daisies and buttercups delight the eye, while fine shade trees protect the cottage from the rays of the sun. The cheery songs of the birds greet our ears and gladden our hearts when we first awake from sleep in the morning. How I wish you could share with me the delights of this lovely place! It is lovely in its simplicity.

I am so very thankful to our heavenly Father that I have so much of nature to enjoy while I am denied the pleasures of the work which has been the delight of my heart for so many years. Not to be able to respond to the calls from the dear sisters in the Western Conferences has made me feel heart broken. Just lately I had a letter from the Kansas Conference Branch, inviting me to attend their Branch meeting. Now if I could have gone to Iowa, it would have been comparatively easy to go on to Kansas. There are so few auxiliaries in that conference, that I just long to help them. But here I am without strength of body to undertake the journey,—I don't mean to say that I really couldn't travel that far, because I could endure the travel, but I am not allowed to exercise in public meetings. However, I am really gaining strength, and I see no reason why I should not gain my former vigor—as much as I had a year ago for instance.

How truly encouraging it must have been to you to realize such good results from your Branch meeting. It did me good just to read the report. It would be a great pleasure to attend one of your Branch meetings again. I trust you will have

strength sufficient to continue the work which has fallen into your hands again at Carlisle; but I think there is great danger of overtaxing in a work one loves so much. It is only natural I suppose for me to think of the danger after having had such a sudden and unexpected collapse.

It seems to me, to pray for willing and devoted workers seems to be one of the pressing duties at hand. May we have the spirit of prayer and also the necessary faith.

I wish you could at this moment enjoy with me the sweet fragrance of the new mown grass which is wafted to me through the open door by a gentle breeze. Marguerite and Rosemary are just returning from their daily trip after berries. They evidently had a good time. Berries are delightfully plenty. We have been having all the raspberries we have needed, and they still continue and the blackberries are turning red, by the end of the week some will be ripe.

Had I begun reading "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" when I wrote you last week? I finished it yesterday. When I started it once before I got discouraged on account of the Drumtochy speech. I got along better than I thought I would, and it really has a fascination for me now. I enjoyed the book very much. The author gives very vivid descriptions of "Scottish" life, and portrays some admirable characters. I suppose you read it. I have not finished *Flammarion*, I put this in between.

VERONA, New York.

I am trying to take in as much of the pure air as I can by deep breathing, and I am sure it is helping me greatly.

Have you seen the July number of *Success*? I read an interesting article by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman this afternoon in that magazine. "The Home as an Environment for Women," is the title of the article.

I find Flammarion's book very interesting. Of course I have always thought of the study of astronomy as one in which one gets lost in wonder and amazement. The immensity of space and the size and number of the stars, as well as the motions of the stars and planets seems more than my little mind can grasp. I admire the perseverance and the patience of the men who have developed the science of astronomy. Flammarion manifests great imaginative powers. We also enjoy the little poems you send; perhaps we sometimes forget to speak of them.

On Her Birthday.

The first day of August was a charming day! Just warm enough to be comfortable anywhere, and the sky was clear and beautiful. It was a great pleasure to hear from each one of the children on that day.

With a shining countenance Rosemary greeted me in the morning while I was yet in bed, and brought

me a small handkerchief made by herself. It was nicely rolled up in a pink paper. You will imagine that it was duly appreciated by the grandma, and that it was an illustration of the blessing of giving as well as of receiving, for Rosemary was truly happy. In the evening when Mrs. Vincent went to bed and I kissed her a good-night, she pressed me to herself and said, "O you do me so much good! I am so glad for you and very thankful to you for reading to me such good things. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate it." That seemed the crowning blessing of a happy day. How could you find time to write the "Clever Rhymes"? They are sweet indeed, and I thank you.

To a Dear Friend.

VERONA, N. Y., August 14, 1903.

As far as I understand my condition I am much improved compared with it when I came. But I am not well yet. While I knew I had been very ill and weak in the winter I did not seem to realize how thoroughly my whole system was effected. I am truly grateful that I am as comfortable as I am and for the strength I have. While I would greatly enjoy a visit with you all at Perkasio, and especially would it be a delight to help in the work—it would be unwise for me to leave here now for such a trip. How I wish you could all come here! I am sure you for one would enjoy the place. Golden-rod, Queen's lace and cat-tails are among the flowers we gathered yesterday. Then we have the most beau-

tiful clover blossoms all around us. Butter-cups and daisies are here yet.

Back to East Orange.

The autumn days at East Orange, largely whiled away in the quiet of the home with reading, writing letters and enjoying the cherished missives of faithful correspondents, were enlivened with drives through the romantic environs of East Orange and with calls from East Orange or out of town people. A loved co-worker of Philadelphia, who with her husband had long endeared themselves to Mrs. Kreckler by their generous hospitality, their championship of the Woman's Missionary Society, and their kindly personal interest, now gladdened many hours, not only by her visits, but her never-failing messages from time to time of the society, especially a telegram of the re-election to the presidency.

This telegram was sent from the only annual meeting of the Woman's Board which Mrs. Kreckler had missed since 1886. Almost to the very moment for taking the train thither the invalid president entertained hopes of being present at this yearly pilgrimage of the faithful to the Zion of the Society, and when she could not attend she sent a "cheerful, loving letter of greeting," as one of the Board said, which "made us feel for a few moments as if she indeed were with us." After the disappointment of having to remain away, it was inexpressibly gladdening and refreshing and inspiring to receive the grateful tidings that the Board had loyally elected her to her former offices of president

and general organizer, even in view of the long months of repose and disability.

"The ladies have paid me the handsome compliment of re-electing me," she wrote a Yokohama friend, in a cheery, chatty letter of October.

Bits from other autumn letters are:

We had a delightful call from Mrs. Gedney yesterday. She brought me a bouquet and a cup of jelly.

I have just finished a very interesting life of Hannah More, by Charlotte Mary Yonge, in which we are told that when Hannah was about my age, she had to give up all her work, writing and attending to her schools, for about two years, yet she lived to be eighty-eight years. That was encouraging.

October 22, 1903.

Thank you very much for the books. Just having gotten the life of Elizabeth Fry out of the library, I have not read much in them. Mrs. Fry's life is remarkable; I wish you could read it. She had honors bestowed upon her by kings and queens, lords and ladies, as well as the most wretched human beings in her day.

October 26, 1903.

I will enclose ——'s letter of last week. I had kept it for Preston to read yesterday. He came in time to eat dinner with us at two o'clock. He always gets a royal welcome. After dinner we took

a drive of about two hours, which we all enjoyed unusually well. We thought the views were so very fine and the air invigorating.

To-morrow Mr. Fuessle is expecting to call on me. He spent Sunday at Philadelphia.

In November a long cherished desire to have a change of scene was fulfilled in a visit, which she made with her physician's approval, to her sister, at Mohnsville, Pennsylvania. From the effects of this journey her fragile body never wholly revived, despite the care given by Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Miller and Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Miller, their son and daughter-in-law; and, in a little more than a week after her arrival, in the morning of November 16, 1903, Mrs. Kreckler, the Mrs. Kreckler of whose exquisite realities her visible self was only a lovely shadow, set forth on a lordlier pilgrimage than any of the numerous journeys she had made hitherto, by land or by sea, East or West.

Over the marvelous Crystal River she passed to the fadeless grandeurs of the City of Light, where a long-loved husband awaited her victorious coming, where all the company of the redeemed greeted her with the sublime welcomes of celestial rejoicing, where a mansion was prepared for her in her Father's house, and where, among the indescribable glories of the spirit-world, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, her magnified life, untrammelled with earthly limitations, free in the measureless freedom of high heaven, shall flower to a rarer bloom than

is known in the fairest gardens of God's beautiful earth.

"To the dear children of a glorified mother," from Bishop Hartzler came the swift, sweet message, one of many loving letters, "inscribed," as Mrs. Kreckler had once phrased it, "by hands that were the servants of kind, sympathetic hearts." "To the dear children of a glorified mother: With a deep sense of personal loss and the pain of a personal bereavement, I received the startling news that your sweet, beautiful mother had been suddenly called to her heavenly coronation. Whether I shall offer condolence to you for the great loss you have suffered, or congratulation that the noble mother has finished her course without spot or stain on her honored name and record, I know not. Perhaps both.

"I thank God for the beautiful lives of self-sacrificing service so nobly rendered by your sainted father and mother. A priceless heritage both of heredity and of memory is yours, and, thank God, you are all worthy to be the heirs thereof.

"God bless and comfort you, sons and daughters! I grieve that I could not be with you when you gathered about the sacred dust for the last time, before you laid it away in God's acre. In the "morning" mother will meet you with the radiant face of a glorified one.

"Yours in the love of a brother,

"H. B. HARTZLER."

A dear Chicago friend, who again and again had

made her home Mrs. Kreckler's home, and for years been a dear and valued friend and co-worker, beautifully wrote: "Our heavenly Father dealt very gently with her, no great suffering or lingering pain was hers, but he just allowed her to fade from us like a beautiful perfected blossom. As the years passed on she became more and more lovely, both in Christian character and in appearance. As she stood before us a year ago I could not take my eyes from her at times. When animated by the Holy Spirit, she looked so like one of the beautiful angels we picture in our minds, and surely she was nearing perfection. I think God needed her to adorn heaven; she was not for earth; she only closed those eyes that spoke such worlds of sympathy and love and God sent angels to accompany her spirit to a better world. We shall miss her, but 'With us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles.' "

"Her blessed part having been given to heaven," "her pure soul unto her captain Christ, under whose colors she had fought so long," her body must now "be given to the pleasant country's earth."

The memorial services were held in the First Church at Reading, on the morning of Friday, November twentieth. The evening previous, sweet and simple obsequies had been conducted by the Rev. W. Edelman, in the church at Mohnsville, whither came many who had followed Mrs. Kreckler's life from the budding time of infancy all through its wonderful flower time to the last fading moments. There the Rev. A. M. Sampsel and the

Rev. W. E. Detwiler, two of Mrs. Krecker's tried and true friends and staunch supporters, paid loving tribute, and the choir sang; and in the morning to Reading came a throng of friends from near and far, while many of the church's most eminent sons were gathered at the pulpit and chancel made beautiful with palms and greens, counting it a privilege to be present and to share in doing honor to the life and works of their sister.

"It somehow did not seem like a funeral occasion," observed, in the *Evangelical*, the Rev. Dr. W. M. Stanford. "It seemed more like a day of gladness than a day of weeping. Through tears at the thought of parting, could be seen a gleam of hope at the thought of meeting, just a little farther on. It did not seem like going down to a lonely grave, but like going up to the fellowship of the redeemed. It looked so much like an instance of jubilant triumph over the last enemy. For several hours before the service the people were coming and going, and taking a last look at the remains, and yet the very air about us seemed filled with heavenly sweetness. It was more like the ante-room of glory than a chamber of death. It seemed like a day of jubilee.

'O death, where is thy sting?

O grave, where is thy victory?"

"But who is this of whom we speak? What meaneth those black steeds, and that sable hearse just outside the church door? Why cometh this gathering of ministers and people? See yonder beau-

tiful casket, just in front of the pulpit, with lid upturned, and front side dropped down on its hinges. Behold, lying in it the silent, pulseless, breathless, speechless form of our now sainted and lamented sister Elizabeth Kreckler, whose name, by virtue of her life of true Christian heroism, self-sacrifice, devotion, faithfulness and energy in the Lord's work, had become a household word throughout our entire church. And just see that "creeping vine of smilax," those rosy cheeked carnations and those large pink chrysanthemums, all lying against a background of thrifty potted-plants, as if they had come on purpose at such time as this

'With their beauty and good cheer,
To dry away the mourner's tear,'

and point us forward to a better land, where people never die, and where flowers never fade. It was like the very picture of repose in a bed of flowers. Even the dress for the grave had nothing dark or sombre in it. It was more after the fashion of that which the "glorified" shall wear, of whom it is written that they "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. And that face, it was but the innocent picture of a sweet and restful sleep. Beautiful in life, it was none the less beautiful in death. It looked as if some sweet angel had just passed by and dropped a halo of ineffable glory upon it. Were it left to us to read that silent, but most expressive face, we would speak of it as just then coming into full view of the eternal city, with a burst of soul like the following on her hallowed lips:

'Bathed in unfallen sunlight,
Itself an unborn gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem!
City fairest, splendor rarest,
Let me gaze on thee.

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits all joy and light:
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal white,
Home of gladness, free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee.'

The service was conducted under the direction of the Rev. A .M. Sampsel, a former pastor of Mrs. Krecker, and opened with the reading of the twenty-third Psalm by Dr. Stanford, who had not forgotten that on this matchless poem was based a sermon, delivered twenty years ago in Japan in Dr. Krecker's memory. "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," a favorite hymn of Mrs. Krecker's, was announced by the Rev. Edward Haines Kistler, pastor of the church, and sung by the congregation, after which the Rev. C. S. Haman offered prayer. The Rev. S. S. Chubb announced "Lead kindly Light," another hymn Mrs. Krecker loved, and then followed the sermon by Rev. Jacob Hartzler, of York.

Of these eminent sons of the church gathered in pulpit and chancel, than Dr. Hartzler, Superintendent of the Japan Mission when Dr. and Mrs. Krecker were in Japan, none was more fitted to "stand as God's comforter, with silvered head pointing to the glories of the heavenly city." "Gone into Heaven" was the text.

"Primarily referring to Jesus Christ," he began, "these words are no less applicable to his departed saints. They call attention to the beautiful terminal for time's travelers and so arouse interest in that wonderland of God. When I was under appointment as missionary to Japan, I could not learn enough about that land and its people; I was wondrously interested in them. I suspect that those who love not to think of heaven, may question whether they are going there.

"To this land the Bible is the lighthouse, not revealing much or clearly of the glories there, but showing surely and safely the channel into the harbor. This word shows it to be a land of most glorious rest, the consummation of the rest given in Christ here; a rest excluding toil, pain and sorrow.

'Just beyond the shores of time,
The better years begin.'

"A land of most ennobling activity and employment. Rest is consistent with the highest activity, and heaven is the most active place in the universe. There are the angels, constantly the ministering spirits of those who shall be heirs of salvation. There are the redeemed, of whom it is written 'they serve him day and night in his temple,' that is constantly. What they do, we don't know. But Moses and Elijah at least once came down here to minister a labor of love. Some think that life's work is so fragmentary, hardly prepared for, before ended. It is not ended for the Christian, for the life beyond is the continuation of the labor for him

here. Faithful to his trusts here means more trusts there committed to us.

"A Japanese, at 84, deplored that he had not known Christ before. 'But,' said he, 'I think he'll have something for me to do over there.' A labor in which we never grow weary, but which itself will be a feast for the soul.

"A land of increased and ever increasing Light and Knowledge. How hard it is to acquire knowledge here, and yet how much we all want to know. Every child born may be said to be an interrogation point. Thus the Christian looks ahead gladly to that larger knowledge, as an old saint once said: 'How much I shall know half an hour hence!' Then we shall know as we are known; then we shall delight in our larger knowledge of God; of his ways with man. Many of the perplexing problems I have pushed aside until I shall know them hereafter."

Dr. Hartzler closed with fond and touching reminiscences of both Dr. and Mrs. Kreckler. "Together they began to serve their God; together they labored in his service; together they rejoice in his home."

Miss Carrie Neitz, representing the Woman's Board of Missions, then read this sketch of Mrs. Kreckler's life:

"The altogether lovely character and lovely personality of Mrs. Elizabeth Kreckler united external grace and beauty with the beauty and grace of the soul.

"Sweetness and gentleness of disposition, cordiality, ease and winsomeness of manner, tact, sur-

passing judgment and liberality of mind were key-notes to the charming and well rounded character which endeared her to every one in the large world of her friends and acquaintances.

"Outside the world of her friends and acquaintances entire strangers many times and often, evinced their admiration for her. At a dinner given for a number of missionaries at the Ecumenical Conference of Missions, where Mrs. Kreckler was a guest, the famous missionary Hudson Taylor, a fellow guest, accosted her, saying, "I want to know you. Your face is a benediction to me."

"The life, which in middle age blossomed out to so wide a field of usefulness and influence, began modestly on one of the large and delightful farms of Pennsylvania. Elizabeth Oberholser, as Mrs. Kreckler was by her maiden name, was educated at Union Seminary, now consolidated with Albright College. In 1867 she married Dr. Frederick Kreckler, U. S. N., who later retired from the navy and became a medical missionary to Japan. Mrs. Kreckler was her husband's sympathetic helpmeet from the first in his Japanese labors; in love with every phase of the beautiful work, and dearly beloved of all the Japanese with whom she associated. A Methodist Episcopal bishop, on a world-tour of mission stations, while in Japan termed her the finest woman missionary he had ever met. Two years after the death of her husband, in 1883, at his post in Japan, Mrs. Kreckler returned to America, where her public career began with lectures on Japan and on missionary work in Japan. A scholar of excep-

tional cultivation, in congratulating her on one of these addresses, said that Mrs. Kreckler knew how to touch on many features of Japanese life which many lecturers omit as insignificant, but which are of especial interest to the audience.

"Her public work soon became intimately identified with the Woman's Missionary Society, of which she was elected organizer in 1888, and president in 1890, continuing both offices until her death. They entailed constant travel throughout the church limits, into all the conferences except the Oregon, which had made arrangements for her several times, only to fall through.

"Of the life in her home which was so dear to her that it was always relinquished with a pang for one of her trips, none knew but to praise it. 'An ideal mother,' 'my ideal woman,' or 'my ideal of a housekeeper,' were fond compliments repeated again and again by her admiring friends.

"When, last winter, the sudden break came in a constitution which seemed to promise many happy years, she clung passionately to her life and to her work. In one of her last letters she referred to the fact that Miss Hannah More, at the age of 61, was obliged to give up her philanthropics for two years on account of her health, and then revived and lived to be over eighty years of age. This Mrs. Kreckler thought seemed encouraging.

"After journeying thousands and thousands of miles during her lifetime, she fell asleep within a dozen miles of the old farm where her beautiful

face first saw the world. She passed away on the morning of Nov. 16, 1903."

After the singing of the hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," which was announced by the Rev. J. G. Sands, Dr. J. D. Woodring, President of Albright College, offered the closing prayer.

A little cortege of near friends and relatives now accompanied the "tenantless clay" to Philadelphia, where, in the beautiful Ivy Hill Cemetery, at Germantown, it was given its last resting place, and above the grassy mound were laid the handsome wreathes of flowers sent by the Woman's Missionary Society and others. At this sacred spot there now rises a simple little stone inscribed with the same words that are engraved upon a tombstone in far-away Japan: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

But more abiding than even the solid granite are the eternal influences of a life that is consecrated, loving, wise, powerful; these lovely influences are the monuments that memory and impressions, sometimes as unconscious and subtle as they are everlasting and lovely, have reared for Dr. and Mrs. Kreckler.

"NACHRUF."

BY BISHOP H. B. HARTZLER.

I.

"At last, thy life well lived, thy work well done,
Thy shining course of steadfast duty run
Thy time of rest has come at set of sun.

II.

Now in "thy lot" in glory dost thou stand,
Yet livest on, in this terrestrial land,
In other lives touched by thy gracious hand.

III.

Thy life was seed for harvests yet to be,
And its full, ripened fruitage none may see
Till breaks the day-dawn of Eternity!

IV.

We joy with thee that thy life's goal is won,
Beyond the glory of the setting sun,
Where Jesus waited with his sweet "Well done!"

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. KRECKER.

BY THE REV. A. W. ORWIG.

Loved friend, beyond the mighty deep,
In Jesus thou hast fallen asleep;
Thy cares have now forever ceased,
And from thy toils thou art released.

Yes, faithful toiler o'er the sea,
With Jesus thou hast gone to be;
No more the armor thou shalt bear,
The fadeless crown thou now dost wear.

And in that crown are stars we know,
With brightest luster all aglow;
For many souls thy faithful hand
Has rescued in that heathen land.

And now, O God, thy grace impart
Sustain and heal each wounded heart,
And in the hollow of thy hand
O keep that broken, weeping band!

And may our prayers and gifts of love
With richest blessings from above
Be giv'n, dear Saviour, to proclaim
O'er all the earth thy glorious name!

June 4, 1883.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE BY BISHOP H. B.
HARTZLER.

At Omaha, Nebraska, I received belated news of the homegoing of Sister Elizabeth Krecker. The news came to me on the day before the tenantless earthly tabernacle was to be laid away to await the summons of the resurrection trumpet. As I read the brief, saddening message, and the tenderest chords of friendship thrilled to the touch of pain, there rose before me a vision of the sweet, sunny face and the beautiful, consecrated, useful life of the departed sister and friend.

I saw her, with her noble, chivalrous husband, Dr. Frederick Krecker, and her little flock of happy children, taking her departure from Cleveand, Ohio, after a farewell meeting, to begin a missionary life in Tokio, Japan. I recalled the unremitting, successful labors of the missionaries in laying the foundations of that first heathen mission of the Evangelical Association. Imagination pictured the heart-breaking experience of the wife and mother when the heroic husband and father died on the field, a martyr to duty, and his body was laid away in a Japanese grave.

I thought of the brave, bleeding heart of the widow girded with supernatural strength to take

up again the work of the mission and the care of her fatherless children, approved of God and men as a model missionary and a model mother. Then again I saw her with her four noble children, returning to the home-land to fight life's hard battle single-handed and serve her day and generation to the end. I remember how she gave herself to the work of the Woman's Missionary Society, whose beloved and honored President she became, and in whose service she finished her course, after years of blessed services in organizing the work and mothering it with a warmth of love and devotion worthy of the noble heart that gave it.

I remember also how during those years her growing sons and daughters lived in the light and grew to beautiful manhood and womanhood in the genial warmth of her loving heart, trained, educated, ennobled under her gentle tutelage and unremitting care—worthy sons and daughters of glory-crowned "parents in the skies." I could not forget how the faithful organizer gave herself to the work of the Woman's Missionary Society, traveling near and far over the territory of the church, in weakness and weariness often, never sparing herself until at last the overburdened, patient heart gave way, and the weary "wheels of life stood still" at the portals of the house of many mansions. It touched my heart to read that the sudden summons to the heavenly home came to dear Sister Kreckler when she was away from home and away from the devoted children she so tenderly loved, and who so affectionately cherished the sweet mother

God had given them. Often will the children, as they think of her, sigh

“For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

The memory of Sister Elizabeth Kreckler will be a cherished possession of the United Evangelical Church, and especially of the Woman's Missionary Society, and her work will bear fruit of blessing in many a heart and home, school and church, for years to come. “She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

CHAPTER VII.

“THO BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

Thoughts of strength and beauty that live and will live winnowed from Mrs. Kreckler's writings.

The more we open our hearts for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the more delightful God's service becomes.

The thought of our great responsibilities and noble possibilities is overwhelming.

Let us hasten the coming of our glorious King and his Kingdom on earth by making him the supreme sovereign of our lives and work.

Let us study more faithfully the manner and means Christ would have us use in hastening the kingdom.

If our Woman's Missionary Society is to do any great work it must be done largely by prayer.

Earnest prayers, coupled with faith and effort, will do wonders. Let us never forget our dependence upon God. Let us have more prayer in connection with our work. Christ says, "All power is

given unto me in heaven and earth." If we can believe "that there is power in Christ for the production of holiness—I mean holiness of life and character; a power for the production of consecration of the most intense and vigorous kind; if we can believe that in Christ there is all power in heaven and earth, to make us live here a heavenly life, living among men as those who are inspired by God and filled with the divine presence, we shall do for our age something that is well worth doing." O what possibilities to those whose life is yielded to him in waiting dependence and full obedience to be made spiritual." Teach us blessed Lord how thus to yield ourselves that we may live "spiritual lives, full of humility, and love, and self-sacrifice." When once Christ is all and in all with his disciples, and their whole "being pervaded, influenced, sanctified by the Holy Spirit," then there will be no fretting about having so little of gifts to give, neither an unwillingness to give much if we possess much. In either case giving will be a joy, and the Lord's treasury will be filled.

"The fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." I feel like asking every sister to pray as she never prayed before.

I should like to make these practical suggestions. Pray for our organization—for every officer and every member of the convention. Pray that all may make an unconditional surrender to God, that he may be filled with a knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. Pray that

he may direct us in all our undertakings for him. Pray that he may teach us just what he would have us do.

Ask God for a missionary spirit, a self-denying spirit. Pray for the faith and courage shown by our sisters of the Methodist Episcopal Church when they sent out their first missionary. "Soon after the organization of the Methodist Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was formed, Miss Isabella Thoburn was presented as a candidate for work. Her brother was already in the field, and so strong were her convictions of duty that she had resolved, if not sent by this body to go as a representative of a sister society. Not twenty ladies were present at the meeting, and they had less than three hundred dollars in the treasury—no more than enough for an outfit. At last Mrs. E. F. Porter, with thrilling earnestness, spoke of the needs of the heathen, and of the peculiar fitness of the one who had offered to go. Shall we lose her she asked, 'because we have not the needed money in our hands?' No, rather let us walk the streets of Boston in our calico robes, and save the expense of more costly apparel. Mrs. President, I move the appointment of Miss Thoburn as our missionary to India. Every heart responded, Amen! And with united voices they said, 'We will send her.'"

We are not told whether these sisters were necessitated to wear calico dresses, but we do know that they did not get into debt, the needed money was always supplied, not only for the one missionary, but

the numbers were steadily increased until they can count their missionaries by the hundred. While I would plead with you for a manifestation of the same spirit that these sisters had, I remember that we cannot do just the same as they did because they sent their first candidate, while we have allowed a number of persons to take the alternate—of going under another society, because we did not send them. Three years ago Miss Eldering would gladly have gone anywhere that we would have sent her; but we didn't have the "needed money in our hands." Last year Bro. Rife offered to go. Since, as you have all read, he and his bride went under the American Board. How long shall we continue to let those whom God raises up from amongst us for foreign work, get their support from other societies? Dear sisters, I feel that God is calling loudly to us through these examples. What are we going to do about it? Are we guiltless in God's sight? Let us keep in close communion with him that we may know his will concerning us, and that we may be willing to make every sacrifice necessary to do that will. It is his will I desire to have done by our society, nothing else.

Let this be a year of believing prayer. Let us set apart time and give ourselves to this part of our intercessory work. It will lead into the fellowship of that compassionate heart of his that led to call for our prayers. It will elevate us to the insight of our regal position, as those prayers will count for something with the great God in the advance-

ment of his kingdom. It will make us feel how really we are God's fellow-workers on earth to whom a share in his work has in downright earnest been entrusted. It will make us partakers in the soul travail, but also in the soul satisfaction, as we know how, in answer to our prayer, blessings have been given that otherwise would not have come."

Who can say what power a church could develop and exercise, if it gave itself to the work of prayer day and night for the coming of the kingdom, for God's power on his servants and his word, for the glorifying of in the salvation of souls? Most churches think their members are gathered into one, simply to take care of and build up each other. They know not that God rules the world by the prayers of his saints; that prayer is the power by which Satan is conquered; that by prayer the church on earth has the disposal of the powers of the heavenly world. They do not remember that Jesus has, by his promise, consecrated every assembly in his name to be a gate of heaven, where his presence is to be felt, and his power experienced in the Father fulfilling their desires.

Let it be a year of definite prayer. Jesus asked the blind man, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "To all the Lord says: And what is it now you really want and expect me to do?..... Definite prayer teaches us to know our needs better. It demands time, and thought, and self-scrutiny to find out what really is our greatest need. It searches us and puts us to the test as to whether our desires are honest and real, such as we are ready to

persevere in. It leads us to judge whether our desires are according to God's Word, and whether we really believe that we shall receive the things we ask. It helps us to wait for the special answer, and to mark it when it comes."

"Our Indebtedness to God." How impossible it is to give an account of what we feel to be our indebtedness, to sum it up in any way even in our own minds! But even if we could do that, we do not know all that we owe? A little child feels that his mother cares for him and understands that his father provides for him, but how utterly incapable is that little child of really comprehending the magnitude of the work of each for him,—how far back began his mother's solicitude and pain for him, how far into the future reach his father's plans for his advancement, how he is their abiding thought, how with a love that is infinitely deeper and immeasurably more constant than any attachment he may have for his toys or pets or for them, how, with a love that his little being does not know, they do for him! In the same way God's thoughts are above our thoughts and his ways are higher than our ways. We cannot measure up to them. Yet the very thought of our debt being more than we can possibly compute, is a stimulus to expressing to the full of our beings all the gratitude that we can feel. We will do what we can. We will offer up our thanks. We will sing our praises. But words! Words are nothing. Alone they signify nothing. It is with the grand motives of our lives that we

give thanks or show ingratitude to God; it is with our aims and endeavors, our hands and our hearts that we can sing praises to him.

It is easy for us to understand that mission work brings advantages to those for whom we work. But it is equally true that the work brings great advantages to those who do it. Whether you wish to be educated in respect to the history, the biography, the geography or the philanthropy of the world, you must be informed on the facts of missions. The greatest part of the world is unevangelized, so that most geography deals with lands that are properly mission fields. For the same reason much of the history of the world gives an account of the heathen peoples with whom missions are concerned; while biographical literature would lose some of its noblest subjects, were it to be robbed of the memoirs of our hero missionaries, such as Carey, Judson, Livingstone, and Paton. Again, in the field of philanthropy we find that missions play an important part. No other form of philanthropy has such a world-wide character as missions, and none has a loftier interest.

Spiritual revivals and revivals of missionary enthusiasm have already been handmaids, the one to the other. The truth of this, I think, every one here and every member of our Woman's Missionary Society can prove with illustrations from her own enlargement of mind, and heart, and soul, and the enrichment of her spiritual life. Has it not lifted

us out of our lower selves, giving us a broader outlook over God's world, a keener comprehension of his purposes and a near, sweeter communion with him?

As we ponder over these reflex influences of missionary work, are we not compelled, are we not willingly impelled, to regard a participation in it as an individual blessing and a holy pleasure to the worker? If they were appreciated by all, not a woman in the church but would, quite irrespective of any feeling for the heathen world or a sense of love or obligation to God, rejoice at the opportunity of allying herself with the Woman's Missionary Society.

Let us take the highest examples we know of as our models, and each of us in her individual, solitary, perhaps, obscure niche in life, faithfully reproduce, albeit in miniature, these great and "elect" ladies who have been our inspirations; Fidelity Fiske, the wives of Judson, Geraldine Guinness Taylor, and countless others. It is not creeds or constitutions or organizations in themselves that spread our Lord's precious gospel, but individual lives which are read as living epistles by all men. Let us learn more and more to love and serve, to carry comfort and consolation to homes where sorrow has come; to rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep. Let us ever seek the beautiful spirit of love that seeketh not her own, that will give and ask nothing because the heart is possessed of God." Let it be said of us what Low-

ell said of his wife, that we are great in our "love for God and humanity." Let the fundamental will, the propelling, motive force of all be love. "Love that serves, love that sacrifices itself, love that so sacrifices itself that it lays down life in order that the recipient of it may enter into life."

A love for our God breeds a love for all mankind. A consecrated life waits on God, serves him, seeks him, loves those whom he loves and seeks to bless them as he blesses them. It is this mind in men that impels them to-day to make the world blossom with lovely agencies of benevolence, of refinement, progress, comfort, education—above all, of missions. For, everything done for the homeland is more natural in the enlightened heart and soul than is anything however trivial done for sufferers, however forlorn, in a country not our own, who are uninterested in us and who, when our messengers come to them frequently regard them as disturbers of their peace. Hence missionary work is prompted by a more enlightened type, a broader and higher type of love than is any other form of benevolence. It is a love that is prompted by communion with God. The increase of grace and holiness in believers, their growing devotion to God's work, waits to come to us from God through Christ. And it will come in proportion as it is "looked for and desired, asked." Spiritual work involves the expenditure of spiritual power, and the soul can be replenished only by dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. Nothing but waiting at the throne,—keeping the heart under the eyes

of the Lamb, to be again and again penetrated by his Spirit—will put the soul into the condition in which it is a meet instrument to impart the light and power of God to others.

Our spirit, our degree of enthusiasm, of zeal, of prayerfulness, of willingness, become infused into our work, and are markedly transferred to others. The personal element is incredible in any work. The sight of a woman whose face gleams with enthusiasm for her work, whose words reflect the permeating zeal of her thoughts, whose hearing, movements, presence itself, show each and all of them joyful, satisfying, living association with the cause she labors for will be an example that will be remembered and loved and imitated voluntarily or unconsciously when every other conceivable kind of argument for missions would be weak or futile.

We need to believe that the work is God's work and that the person who interests herself in it will be blessed and strengthened of God.

Let us ever bear in mind the things which we in general want to teach people. And then let us teach them. Teach our people the purpose of Christ Jesus our Lord in his great, world-wide plan of salvation. Teach them proportionate, systematic and cheerful giving unto the Lord. Teach them the needs of the world, the claims of the heathen. Teach them their personal responsibilities in the evangelization of the world; teach them to do personal

work; teach them to make personal sacrifices for Jesus' sake, for the purpose of extending his kingdom. Teach them to make an unconditional surrender to God, to be wholly the Lord's and to live for him who died for them. Teach them the great need of our church.

While we are avowedly laboring for God, if we do not continually depend upon him for strength and wisdom, we cannot work acceptably in his sight, and he is unable to give us the blessings he desires to give, because we are unfit to receive them. Therefore we cannot too strongly emphasize prayer in our work, both in public and private. There are so many things to pray for—for courage, for patience, and for faith; for our essays and reports, for our committee work, for our contributions, and all our meetings, private and public. We should make a study of prayer, that we may fulfill the conditions for receiving answers to our prayers. "The fervent, effectual prayer. . . . availeth much;" but "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear my prayer;" but again, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

United prayer has special power with God. "Again I say unto you if two of you shall agree on earth touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done unto them of my Father which is in heaven." Bands of missionaries on various mission fields have formed unions for daily prayer in behalf of the work, and I believe we, as a society, can do nothing better for the cause of missions than to encourage our mem-

bers, each and every one, to join in this definite daily prayer Christ told his disciples to pray, "The Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more laborers into his harvest."

We must not be afraid to ask the Lord for large gifts. Why be satisfied with small blessings when we might have great ones? Others are receiving "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Shall we not claim it also?

The reflex influence of foreign missions upon a church are so valuable that it seems as if on that account alone, if for nothing else it is our duty to urge the work.

It is the avowed object of our society not only to labor for our own immediate interests, but to endeavor to draw forth and develop all the missionary forces of the church.

Some of the most potent influences do not give visible, tangible results immediately. The Bible urges us to pray and asserts that the prayer of the righteous avails much, but certain conditions must be fulfilled, often making the results gradual. In the second place, it is contrary to all reason to pray for a thing for which we put forth no practical effort, and prayer of this kind will not be influential before God, nor receive a blessing. In the third place, let me remind you that the withholding what we desire sometimes proves to be of the greatest

value. It teaches us lessons concerning the manner of praying and the manner of working and rouses our energies to new undertakings. In the fourth place, as Dr. Trumbull has observed, and as all true, earnest people must realize, "There is a blessing in the very longings of prayer."

Let us remember that we are but stewards of God, that all that we call our own belongs to him, and that we are accountable to him for the way in which we manage our stewardship.

It is wonderful how he teaches us in regard to our temporal affairs if we speak with him in regard to our desires and tastes. It seems to me that we ought to be anxious to arrange our affairs so that Jesus may be pleased with us and our surroundings. And let us remember that he has the same interest and knowledge as if he were here in person.

Lord, enable me to honor thee by good deeds, right words, a holy life and a Christ-like character.

Teach me to yield myself up to thee so fully that thou wilt not only guide and support me but act by me, think through me, and live in me.

Instead of looking at our disadvantages let us look at our possibilities. Our possibilities are in God. If we will yield to him and unite our hearts in prevailing prayer, he can and will make us mightier instruments.

My heart goes out in longing desire for a more fully consecrated sisterhood, and to see our auxiliaries become centers of spiritual power for a consecration that exclaims, "I delight to do thy will, O God."

Let us not cease to pray for the spirit of missions, the Christ spirit, the Holy Spirit to fill the hearts of our people and the people of God everywhere.

Appendix

MRS. KRECKER'S LAST LETTERS TO THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

My Dear Mrs. Remer:

I send the president's address to you as secretary of the Board. I hope you will be able to read it. I had to make so many corrections when it came from the typewriter. It was written in the hope of being present to read it myself; but Dr. Mitchell, who was my attending physician, advises strongly against it. He told me I have gained much in the past few months, but I would run too great a risk in attending so important a convention as our Board Meeting, with the idea of taking an active part. After he had gone I thought it all over, and finally came to the conclusion that after all he might let me go if I would promise not to attend many meetings, but my plans did not materialize. Somehow I could not give up the idea of getting to the meeting until the time for going is here and I am not among the number that are going.

May you have a most successful meeting.

There are a few more things I should like to mention in my address, but I don't know whether I can put them together. Dr. Mitchell has said he thinks

the work in connection with the thought of going has affected me somewhat unfavorably.

The enclosed note from Bro. Fouke will explain itself. I believe you have heretofore written the articles. Will you kindly write one again?

Give my love to each one of the delegates.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

East Orange, N. J., Sept. 30, 1903.

My Dear Mrs. Remer:

Last evening I forgot to enclose Mr. Fouke's letter, I will send it to-day. I imagine you are in executive session at this time. How gladly I would be with you; and I feel strong enough to meet with you, if I only were in Canton instead of East Orange. I do not feel as if I could be of much help to you, but I would be glad to learn more of the particulars about the work. It may seem strange, but for most of the time during my invalidism I have not been able to enter deeply into the work. The fact that I feel that I would enjoy helping to plan for the work is one sign of returning strength; at least I take it as such. I realize that you have important work before you at this meeting. May great wisdom and faith be given you in all your deliberations. I will spend much time in praying for you during the session. With much love to all the dear workers. Yours,

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

October 1st, 1903.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT CAMP-MEETINGS.

The camp-meeting offers a golden opportunity for spreading our work. It is an opportunity for obtaining the greatest possible results for the time and energy spent. Many different congregations, people young and old, town and country, are brought together for a week or more to devote their time especially to religious and spiritual subjects. No other such opportunity is given the entire year. How can we make the best possible use of this unexampled opportunity?

GENERAL WORK.

Women are accused of not being systematic in their work and so fail to accomplish much they might do. Let us then try to be systematic in our undertakings for the Woman's Missionary Society in order to do the utmost for our work.

The most effective work could be done if the Executive committee of the Conference Branches or the Branch conventions would appoint for each camp-meeting one or two persons to take the leadership of this work and who would make the preparation required before going to camp-meeting. These persons should send for the necessary literature, and call a meeting as early as possible after reaching camp-meeting to discuss plans and appoint committees. The committees should include one on missionary literature, one on children's work,

one to make arrangements for a Woman's Missionary Society Day, and one to solicit new members.

As the K. L. C. E. have a missionary department, endeavor to secure their co-operation wherever possible.

Do not confine yourselves to work through committees, but let each one work individually. Speak of the object of the Woman's Missionary Society to those who are not members. Explain our aims and methods; the work accomplished by Women's Missionary Societies of other denominations; the great need of missionary work at home and abroad. Drop a seed for the spread of the work wherever an occasion offers itself. Select items of interest to show to those disinterested. Get some facts and incidents fixed in your mind so that you can talk about them.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

On the second page of the cover of *Missionary Tidings* will be found a full list of leaflets kept by our Bureau of Literature. Some are free, others are very inexpensive. Money invested in this way will bring in heavy rates of interest. In sending for the literature, mention to Mrs. Dubs for what it is intended and she will make the most useful selections. Before going to camp-meeting each member should collect all the available missionary literature for free distribution, leaflets, magazines, etc., that have been used in the monthly meetings. These should always be preserved during the year for

such purposes. The printed page can often present truth so much better than we can express it, that literature will be found invaluable.

Send to the Evangelical Publishing Company for sample copies of the *Missionary Evangelical*, to be distributed among the children. There should be samples of our World's Penny Helpers, Banks of Blessing, Cradle Roll Certificates. There should also be a liberal supply of our constitutions—including those of the Woman's Missionary Society, Young People's, and Mission Bands. And above all there should be vigorous canvassing for the *Missionary Tidings*. Last year Mrs. J. H. Shirey did a good work by having missionary leaflets distributed on Woman's Missionary Society Day. The eagerness with which they were received by young and old was very encouraging.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCES.

Missionary conferences such as have been held by our Illinois sisters at the Oakdale Park camp-meetings cannot fail to be of great benefit. They spend an hour in the interests of missions every day, beginning at 1:30. These meetings have proved a great blessing to the Illinois Branch. The sisters saw an opportunity to work for the Lord through the Woman's Missionary Society. They seized the opportunity and the Lord showered his blessing upon them. The different auxiliaries represented at the camp-meeting became better acquainted with the plans of the work of the Branch.

They became more firmly united in their efforts to carry out their plans. A greater enthusiasm was created. The missionary spirit was "greatly intensified." These meetings were public meetings. All were invited to attend. Through the discussions of the various topics; the answers to questions given during the question hour; the experiences given; the appeals made and the prayers offered, a deeper, more active sympathy was brought about.

I do not know how they came to get that hour. There must have been faith in the hearts of authorities relative to the Woman's Missionary Society work.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Where it does not seem practicable to have daily conventions let us have at least one "Woman's Missionary Society Day." Endeavor to have the entire day devoted to the subject of missions, every meeting a missionary meeting. Each of the prayer-meetings could take up a particular department of the missionary work of the church, to present their needs and to pray for them—the early morning prayer-meetings, Home Conference Missions; the 9 o'clock prayer-meeting, Western Missions, and the evening prayer-meeting, Foreign Missions. Let the children's hour be spent in the interest of Mission Band work. Let the afternoon hour be in charge of members of the Woman's Missionary Society. The program should consist of missionary addresses, readings, music,

recitations, etc., setting forth the object and methods of the Woman's Missionary Society and what we have accomplished, as well as the great need of missionary work. Solicit subscriptions for *Missionary Tidings*. Make an appeal for missionary offerings. Let this be a day in which the banner of our King Immanuel be made to float high—a day in which the glorious triumphs of Christianity be well set forth. For how can this be better done than through the work of missions? Let the members of the Woman's Missionary Society realize that this is peculiarly their day; the day in which they may in a special sense work for the promotion of the glory of God.

CHILDREN'S WORK.

The daily children's hour at camp-meetings affords an excellent opportunity for the presentation of our Mission Band work and for doing missionary work in general. The Committee on Children's Work should try to have the subject of missions presented as often as possible at the children's meetings. This could be done by means of missionary leaflets, missionary stories, and important facts about missions. Unless I am very much mistaken, such requests and suggestions would be favorably received by our presiding elders. The object and methods of our Mission Band work should be explained.

World's Penny Helpers should be shown and "Banks of Blessings," and an earnest effort be made

to have them distributed. The Cradle Roll should also be mentioned, and the beautiful little certificate shown with its place for the tracing of the baby's tiny hand. These certificates are the means not only of interesting the tiny children, but the mothers also.

Our Mission Band paper, the *Missionary Evangelical*, with its bright stories of missionary work and interesting reports from our various Mission Bands should be shown and subscriptions taken.

In conclusion, let every member of the Woman's Missionary Society who attends a camp-meeting this year determine to improve the opportunity to work for Christ and his kingdom along the line of missions. Be ready to give an answer to every one that asks a reason for the love you have for missions. Preparation is needed. Time needs to be taken to think of the reason why we ourselves are interested in missions. Perhaps you have prayed asking God to help you to think for him. Help him to answer your prayer by taking the subject of missions upon your heart and he will through the Holy Spirit show you many ways how you may reach the hearts of your friends.

In order to do this work most effectually it must be done in Christ's own Spirit. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God. . . . that God in all things be glorified through Jesus Christ."

A wide door is open before us; in the name and in the presence of the Holy Spirit let us enter in.

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS, 1895.

OUR NEW BEGINNING.

With this general convention we start out with a new lease of life. As an organization we are twelve years old, but as the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Evangelical Church we are holding our first annual meeting. While thinking of this, I felt that our society should adopt the words of Paul, "Forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." With thankful hearts we realize that at last we stand on firm ground. After the long period of struggle our church has come out fresh and strong. Her troubles have been blessings in disguise. New life has been instilled into her, new energies awakened, of which we were hardly aware until stern occasion called them forth. Then, as the women of the United Evangelical Church, let us "forget the things that are behind," stretch forward for larger, nobler ideals of service and press for the "Regions Beyond"—beyond our homes into our neighbors' homes; beyond our town into neighboring towns; beyond our state into neighboring states; beyond our country into other countries, until we reach that glorious time when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

OUR NEW PRIVILEGES.

Our organization has come out as a new and improved edition of itself. With its changed name it has received important and valuable privileges. Paragraph 67 of the United Evangelical Church Discipline provides that the auxiliaries of the Woman's Missionary Society shall be entitled to send one of their members as a member of quarterly conference; and paragraph 187, article V, entitles our society to one member on the Board of Missions. This chivalrous and eminently Christian action of our church brethren, passed, not because it was asked for, but out of the pure generosity of their hearts, deserves our heartfelt thanks. Shall we not here and now express our thanks by a rising vote? All the women of the church have a right to join in. May our heavenly Father make us worthy of these new honors and give us wisdom to perform graciously and intelligently the responsible duties they imply.

Another evidence of the past year that the leaders of the church approve of the desires and purposes of the Woman's Missionary Society is the permission given us by the General Conference to support two Bible women in a foreign field as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made; also the definite aim set by General Conference of \$20,000 for the foreign fund. As soon as the foreign fund reaches this amount the church will establish a mission in a heathen land. My heart thrills with gratitude to God whenever I think of that stone of rec-

ognition of foreign work in the foundation of our United Evangelical Church.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! Sometimes it seems a small sum, and then again so large—— how can we speedily raise it? Here is the answer: The

EXTRA CENT-A-DAY PLAN

Will do it in one month! If every one of the 65,000 members of the United Evangelical Church would lay by one cent a day for the Foreign Fund for only one month, or thirty-one days, we should have \$20,150—our goal reached with one leap! To facilitate the carrying out of the Extra Cent-a-Day Plan, Mr. Samuel F. Wilkins, of Newton Center, Massachusetts, a member of the Congregational Church, and a business man, will furnish, free of cost, special envelopes for gathering the money. It seems to me every minister of the church and every one interested in the cause of missions ought to be inspired to try to get the system introduced at once. I am encouraged by the favor the plan has met in our church the past year. The East Pennsylvania and Platte River Conferences passed resolutions urging its use in their congregations. The Chicago (Adams Street) congregation have adopted the system. Here and there individuals have taken it up. Many have said, "That is an easy plan, it ought to be generally adopted." Ministers and presiding elders have emphasized it after I had presented it at camp-meetings.

I hope a systematic endeavor for the general in-

roduction of the Extra Cent-a-Day Plan throughout the church may be one of the definite lines of work that will be energetically taken up the coming year by our society.

The whole-hearted and enthusiastic attitude the Keystone Leagues of Christian Endeavor took at their Boston Rally toward the Foreign Fund filled me with joy and leads me to feel that they may be ready to co-operate in spreading the Extra Cent-a-Day Plan. Their noble aim to endeavor to raise during the coming year one dollar per member for the Foreign Fund, which would mean \$14,000 is most inspiring. If both our organizations would unite in introducing the adoption of the Extra Cent-a-Day Plan, a foreign mission could easily be established within a year. Shall we not try it?

It has been with much pleasure that we have noticed the "new departure" of the Keystone League, as it was characterized in the *Pathfinder*—the introduction of regular Mission Bands, auxiliary to the Woman's Missionary Society, in connection with their Junior Keystone Leagues. Considerable needless machinery is thus done away with and the work of both organizations is better advanced. This generous action of the Keystone League and the good results it promises encourages me to suggest something still further—the adoption or adapting of our Junior Missionary Society constitution by the adult Keystone League Societies. I am sure our friends, the Endeavorers, would find the study of our monthly missionary programs very interesting and of great assistance in their work for mis-

sions, and the arrangement would in general, I feel, be a mutual assistance towards advancing the cause we both have deeply at heart. Different denominations are urged to greater unity, how much more should societies of individual denominations be urged to unite?

“In union there is strength.”

Along this same line of thought is another subject in which I have been interested, and that is mid-week

MONTHLY MISSIONARY PRAYER-MEETINGS.

The way for the ideal, and therefore the *missionary*, church to work is to have every member, young and old, interested in the cause of missions. To help accomplish this, an excellent plan would be for the different prayer-meeting classes of a congregation each to hold a missionary prayer-meeting once a month, or, better still, to have all the classes unite in one meeting. The missionary thought could be brought out in the Scripture lesson, and the prayers be especially for missions and missionaries. The leader could easily find some missionary facts to present. Short, suitable articles about missions, which now-a-days are so plentiful, could be read by others, and thus a most interesting and helpful program would be furnished. Where there is a Woman's Missionary Society they could furnish literature. So much good could be done in this way, and so easily, that it is worthy of the special interest of our society, and to encour-

age it, should be made one of our lines of work. The idea is to reach as many as possible with missionary information. Some one has said, "If the masses will not come to the church, the church must go to them." I believe in applying the same principle here, taking the missionary program to the church members if they will not come to the missionary society. When we consider how, in many congregations, missionary work is hardly mentioned from one year's end to the other, except when the missionary collection is called for, and then only in general terms, it is small wonder that there is often trouble to raise the required amount. Dr. Pierson says, "If disciples do not wish to flame with missionary zeal, they must avoid contact and converse with facts and the heroic souls who are the living factors of missions." In this connection I wish to speak on fostering a missionary spirit in our

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

These are important centers of the church and come in touch with some of the more progressive of our young people, and especially with young ministers, so that much can be done here towards producing a healthful missionary spirit. When we read accounts of what is being done in many of the colleges and higher institutions of learning in our land, we feel as if our church ought to wake up to her opportunities and responsibilities in this direction. In some of the leading colleges "from twelve to fifteen experienced missionaries from every quar-

ter of the globe are heard during the college year. weekly offerings by pledge cards is made use of, and a number of colleges support a foreign missionary and usually a home missionary besides. Thus the students get a training which prepares them for home or foreign mission work. It is because of these privileges afforded them that the great student volunteer movement has grown to be so large and is holding such enthusiastic gatherings and sending missionaries into the foreign field. If we cannot begin on so large a scale, arrangements could be made to give missionary talks to the students at stated times. Some of the best missionary literature, lives of missionaries and histories of missions could be put into the libraries in our educational institutions and missionary periodicals can be placed on the reading room tables and boxes provided for the receipt of missionary offerings. These things are certainly not beyond the power of our schools, and I most heartily recommend the matter to your consideration.

“MISSIONARY TIDINGS.”

Missionary publications are a most important factor in enlarging our work. Let us then increase our interest in the success of our own. *Missionary Tidings* being the only distinctly missionary periodical in the church outside of the children's paper, it should receive a very good support and we should use every means to make it a first-class paper. Keep the editors well informed about the condition of the

work, send in brief, newsy reports and institute a vigorous campaign for increasing the number of its subscribers. While here and there we have some faithful canvassers who have proved what can be done, our present subscription list can scarcely be called a credit either to our zeal or ability. Out of a church membership of sixty-five thousand we have a subscription list of thirteen hundred and ninety-three—about one fiftieth part of the membership. Bro. Sampsel, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the East Pennsylvania Conference, in his very helpful and inspiring letter to the Branch meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of that conference, says, our subscription list ought to be ten-fold as large as it is and even suggests enlarging the paper, but I fear before we can carry out his proposition we must push the canvass vigorously.

Let us make up our minds to do this. It can be done. Let this be one of the things that shall be emphasized at this convention.

ASSISTANCE FROM THE CLERGY.

Much encouragement has come to us during the year from the ministers. The need of information as a means of cultivating a missionary spirit among our people is being realized, and the work of the Woman's Missionary Society is more fully appreciated as a result. Last spring, notwithstanding the press of business on account of the church changes, not only time was given for presenting our cause,

but hearty co-operation was pledged in their resolutions. The articles in the *Evangelical* written by Brother Heil, Brother Jonas, and others, along the line of missions and giving, as well as kindly recognition of our work by the editor has been very encouraging. The Woman's Missionary Society department in the *Zeitschrift* means progress. We hail it with special delight in behalf of our German sisters.

OUR DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

The foundation of missionary work was laid by prayer in apostolic times when Barnabas and Saul were sent away from Antioch after fasting and prayer. Modern foreign missions originated through the persevering, believing prayer of William Carey. The work of preaching the gospel to every creature was begun when the strong walls of idolatry, superstition and prejudice surrounding heathen nations seemed impenetrable, and when the great majority of Christ's followers considered it wild enthusiasm to take the gospel to the heathen. Behold what prayer has wrought! The doors of the whole world are standing open, giving access to more than one thousand millions of human beings on the one hand, while on the other hand God's power has been working mightily among the people. I remember well the joy it caused among the missionaries in Japan when we heard that sixty thousand were brought into the kingdom of Christ within six months from among the people of India. And we

are told that during that same year some twenty persons were prompted to send \$4,000,000 to missions. Thus we see what simple believing prayer accomplishes. Then let us pray with increased earnestness for a deep, intelligent missionary spirit throughout our beloved church, for consecrated zeal, and for noble offerings worthy of the royal cause in which we are engaged.

I believe some of our sister missionary societies, as well as other Christian organizations, such as the Salvation Army, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have adopted the noon-tide hour of prayer. I have thought that hour might be more readily remembered, and as there is, in my mind, special beauty and power in united prayer, I would suggest that our twilight hour be changed to the noon-day hour for united prayer. I also hope that our special days of prayer may be faithfully observed, and in the name of our society would ask the whole church to join with us in their observance.

In concluding let me call to your minds words recently quoted in the *Evangelical*. They are credited to Dr. Samuel Miller, of Princeton. If we were asked how a church at home might grow in numbers, strength and spiritual power, he would reply: "Let that church begin in deep earnest to exert itself to send the gospel to the benighted and perishing. However small its strength in numbers or finance, let it arouse that little and engage with further prayer and heart-felt love in contributions

for spreading the gospel throughout the world. The very effort will enlarge and build it up."

Let me also repeat for you what Miss Willard wrote to her union. "What we want," she said, "is not energy, but radiant energy; not warmth, but zeal; not vigor, but ardor; not boiling water, but steam; not love, but more love."

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS, 1896.

Another year in the brief history of our society has slipped away quickly. Quickly, I say, because it tarried too short a time for us to fill it with all that we had hoped. Yet we have much reason to rejoice in the work done and the progress made in its quietly speeding months.

The East Pennsylvania Branch took some important steps toward greater effort, at their last convention. The Woman's Missionary Society was represented at nine of the ten camp-meetings held in that conference district. Over two hundred subscribers for the *Missionary Tidings* were secured at these nine camp-meetings and many have been aroused from a state of apathy to at least some interest in our work and purpose.

The Central Pennsylvania Branch doubled the number of their auxiliaries during the year. Much of the spirit of self-sacrifice and earnest effort is found among their number.

Illinois is moving nobly forward in various lines

and takes the front rank in the progressiveness of her spirit.

Platte River Branch is working bravely, and the interest in the Woman's Missionary Society is steadily increasing. The Pittsburg Branch has promised new interest in the work. Mrs. Garner, the hard-working leader of our work in this Branch, persevered in her noble endeavors in the face of several difficulties and many trials. She is one of our most devoted, self-sacrificing women and I hope that it may not be long before she may have the happiness of seeing the Branch for which she has done so much, thoroughly organized.

Des Moines Conference has taken hold of our work in extending a cordial welcome to us for full entrance into her midst.

We must all rejoice at the enthusiasm shown at the missionary rally of the young people of our church at the International Christian Endeavor Convention this year. The resolutions passed in reference to entering work in some foreign field is inspiring.

PRIME OBJECT OF OUR SOCIETY.

I feel much the great need of the aims and purpose of our society being more generally known. I have learned from experience that where we are best known, there we are most highly esteemed and appreciated.

In the second article of our Constitution we find the prime object is to aid the missionary enterprise of the church. In order to do this, the earnest sys-

tematic co-operation of the women throughout the church is to be engaged and thus aid is given by "extra funds, efforts, and prayers, the dissemination of missionary intelligence, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit in the family and the church." I think that the word prayer might stand first in order, then effort, then funds, for the organization originated in prayer; next to prayer, the effort of getting into congregations for the purpose of presenting our work, and that very often requires so tremendous an effort that in many places we have not been able to make one great enough, but where we can reach the people and organize an auxiliary, the extra efforts are continued by following the monthly programs provided in the *Missionary Tidings*, distributing literature furnished by our Bureau of Literature, in bringing in dues, offerings, and prayers for the cause of missions; by having thank-offering meetings and anniversary meetings, and by practicing self-denial, by practical missionary work among churches, and by holding branch and general conventions. By these various means we endeavor to teach our people the purpose of Christ Jesus our Lord in his world-wide plan of salvation; the needs of the world, the claims of the heathen, personal responsibility in the evangelization of the world, and proportionate, systematic, cheerful, self-sacrificing giving unto the Lord. They are thus inspired to do personal work, to make personal sacrifice for Jesus' sake for the purpose of extending his kingdom; and they are made to realize more fully the great need of our church.

What better thing can be done for the extension of God's work through the instrumentality of the United Evangelical Church than to educate our women on the subject of missions and bring them to a sense of their responsibilities and duties along that line? The only better thing would be to educate both men and women, and I wish that our United Evangelical Church might become one grand missionary society that would make a thorough study of missions, so that all our members might realize that they are "Saved to Serve," and so would go forth with untold zeal and enthusiasm to give the gospel to the unreached masses everywhere.

NEED OF INFORMATION.

One great reason that the money contributed for missionary purposes is so far from being equal to the demand is a lack of information on the subject of missions. A cause of which we are ignorant will not get much help from us. But let the crying needs of the world be known and help will come. During the past summer I had a new illustration of this fact among our people. At one of the camp-meetings I attended I met a pastor, his face all aglow with joy and interest as he greeted me. A phase of missionary work had been begun (in the town in which he was stationed) among the people of his and other congregations. He was so full of it that he began to tell me about it the first opportunity he had. He expected me to be interested

in it, and I was highly delighted to learn of it. With the greatest enthusiasm he told me of how the various congregations of the town were entertaining and providing for over one hundred "Fresh-air-fund" children from New York City, thirty-five of whom were among his own people. When I asked him how the people became interested in the plan, he said: "Well, first of all, an agent came around and gave a talk in all the churches. Then literature was distributed, and each of the ministers was asked to preach a sermon about it, which they did. By that time some of the families were ready to receive the children. Some were sent for and seventeen were taken by my people. After the children came and were seen, more became interested, and eighteen more were asked for by my members. O, it was doing a great amount of good! The whole town is being stirred, and it brought new life into our church. It is doing us much good; it has brought us many new and interesting experiences."

All that was needed to procure those dear, needy children a vacation and clothes, was information. If their need had not been presented, the children would have had to endure great suffering; and the families who provided for their temporal and spiritual wants would have missed the great blessing that followed as a natural result. This was all done where a new church had just been built. Thus we again see that with information comes interest, and with interest, liberality. Right here allow me to quote from an address given by Mr. S. L. Mershon at the Cleveland Christian Endeavor Convention.

"We must have information as a basis for missionary giving and missionary praying. He who gives without knowledge is a spendthrift. He who goes on an errand without knowing why he goes is a fool, he who prays for a cause about which he is wilfully ignorant is a hypocrite. It is a bad practice for a man to give without knowledge. We believe that God Almighty has no use for an unconsecrated dollar and wilful ignorance is no basis for consecration. It is a pertinent question. Why this amazing ignorance of missions in the Christian church? The solution must be found somewhere in the answer to three questions. 1. Is the pulpit dead? 2. Is the message dead? 3. Is the conscience dead? In other words, is it the fault of the pulpit or pew, or both? Has the pulpit lost its power to educate along missionary lines? Is it possible that 12,000 Methodist pastors are preaching missions and we millions of Methodist laymen are not contributing one cent for that cause? Can it be that 6,000 Presbyterian pastors are preaching the great commission, while the unused wealth of that church is piling mountain high? Well may we ask a similar question of the other denominations. It will be an awful time when the pastors who didn't preach the last command shall march to the judgment seat with millions of their denominations who don't give, shall be face to face with the heathen of their generation who have never heard of the Christ. O, Sinai, with thine awfulness! O, death, with all thy possible sting of sorrow! O, bleeding heart of Christ, with all thy lost power to

save, what will it all mean? It seems to me that heaven, earth and hell will recoil from the tableau ere it burst into a scene the like of which no mind can picture or tongue can speak."

Let us therefore for the sake of Christ, who gave himself that all might live, for the sake of the responsibility that is resting upon us; for the sake of the reward that is awaiting us, continue and redouble our energies to disseminate missionary intelligence and to get our ministers throughout the church to preach missionary sermons. Many people have no idea of the amount of information contained in the missionary leaflets we distribute. Some of our ministers have been greatly surprised and moved to deep interest in the work from leaflets I have given them to read. One brother, to whom, not long ago, I had given several, said: "I believe it would be a good plan to send for some of these and distribute among our people, and I am going to work along that line." He enjoyed reading the leaflet very much, and as he read, exclaimed: "That's good!" and "That's very good!" He had never been particularly interested in our work before this time. Dr. Pierson has said, "Women's societies are doing a wonderful amount of good by scattering missionary literature broadcast in light condensed forms." His language well describes those two little eight-page leaflets, given away or sold for two, three, or five cents apiece, and ten cents per dozen, which have been sent out from the rooms of the women's societies. Many of them have gone through two editions, and that popular

one of "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box" through four editions. Besides all that is done with the printing press there is frequently a bureau of exchange at society headquarters, and a regular business is made of supplying hektograph and typewriter copies of thousands of mission reports and letters yearly, to be read in society meetings. In these and similar ways a great amount of fresh information from the field is constantly kept in circulation.

FOREIGN MISSION DAY.

Every congregation in the church should have one Sabbath in the year set apart as "Foreign Mission Day." Nothing quickens the entire life of a church, like an interest in foreign work. The need in the foreign field is so much greater than at home that one's deepest heart is stirred in considering it. Then, too, the condition of the heathen helps us to realize more perfectly what our own state would be if we were without the gospel. The importance which foreign missions have to hold in the Christian church, although still far from what it should be, makes it an essential element to every intelligent Christian congregation to be informed and interested in this branch of Christian work. A pastor of a congregation should feel cause for shame and chagrin in these days if his congregation is ignorant of what is being done for the heathen, and of the vast amount still to be done. No pastor needs fear that the preaching of sermons on foreign mis-

sions will take away from the interest in work at home, the tendency is quite the contrary, to intensify one's interest in all Christian work. Let me here quote a collection of "reasons why we should be interested in the giving of the gospel to the heathens," which I lately noticed: 1. Because "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." 2. Because it is the command of Christ. 3. Because he has given us the gospel in trust for the world. 4. Because if we are not faithful to our trust, the world will perish in its sins. 5. Because if we are faithful to our trust, the world will be saved and the reward will be ours. 6. Because Christ has taught us to say, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven." 7. Because no one without active interest in the foreign missionary work can sincerely make this prayer. 8. Because foreign missionary work has brought the church in return a bountiful blessing. 9. Because to stop all its work for the world, would bring to the church paralysis and death. 10. Because Christian love is essentially world-wide, it utterly refuses to be limited. 11. Because this world-wide love includes and fosters love for our country. 12. Because the plea, to save our own land is to save *the world*, has force only when the church at home is active in saving *the world*. 13. Because home missions had made little progress when by the direction of the Holy Spirit foreign missions were begun from Antioch in Syria. 14. Because if there is good reason for

one church or one member neglecting it, there is the same for the whole church to neglect it.

Will you take the responsibility of refusing to obey the great commandment of love to my neighbor? That broken-hearted mother in India, that hopeless girl in China, that sufferer in Africa or Japan, is as surely my neighbor as the needy one at my door. If I refuse to do anything for missions, I refuse to let other people live; I leave them to suffer all varieties of physical torture—to burn and drown and starve. I subject bodies as sensitive as ours to cruel practices of ignorant fanatics; I leave my sister bound by the chains of slavery worse than death; I leave them to endure a hopeless separation from their loved ones; I leave them to live and die robbed of all that makes life worth living, tortured by all that makes death dreadful. But why lengthen the list? It is an endless story of suffering. The responsibility of not doing for them is too awful for any Christian woman to bear. The need and the ability to serve draws us closer together at the feet of him who died for all. The responsibility of not doing is the responsibility of hindering the progress of Christ's kingdom. The tiny cog-wheel in the mighty engine is a very insignificant part of a great machine; the fact that it is a part makes it very important. Stop the tiny wheel and for a time you stop the great engine. The little wheel must do its work or be removed and a new one substituted. In the end it can not stop the work of the engine, but it causes confusion and loss of time and power. So each member of

Christ's kingdom has a place and a work. If we stop, if we refuse to do, for a time the work is hindered. God can remove us and put some one else in our place, but there is a loss to the world and to us. While we wait some one is dying. Your dollar, your prayer, your word, may seem a very little thing to withhold from so great a work, but only God knows how great the loss if withheld. But, saddest of all, the responsibility of not doing is that of robbing the Master of lives bought with his own life. O, friends, how can we think of his life, his agony, his shameful death, and what these have given us, and refuse to let him have his own for such gracious service! The responsibility of not doing covers all the interest of a life. But for you and me the question to-day is, Will I do it? God grant that the answer may come from every one, "I will do what I can!"

HOME WORK.

We may be looked upon as only interested in foreign work and by others as only interested in home work. Let us try to be wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. If any of us are one-sided let us not be satisfied until we are all aflame with love for missions. "Christian love is essentially world-wide, it utterly refuses to be limited. This world-wide love includes and fosters love for our own country." No one need be afraid of the spirit of love for foreign missions and if some should be on-

ly interested in home missions, if you only will encourage that interest to a great enough degree, you will finally include other lands. Because of hard times and the many poor everywhere I feel as if we should be as helpful as possible towards these needy ones. Committees might be appointed to look after those in our immediate neighborhoods and clothes gathered and distributed. In some places by not much effort great good can be done. And we must not forget to heed the calls for boxes for our Western missionaries. Some weeks ago when I was on Ransom charge in East Pennsylvania Conference, I found one of the most interesting sections of our country that I have ever seen. The valley up the northeast branch of the Susquehanna between Wilkes-Barre and Ransom, a distance of about twelve miles, is populated by about 150,000 people, many of whom are entirely uncared for spiritually. On Sunday as we were looking over that valley mountain-top and Bro. Shaffer was telling what few laborers there were among the many thousands of inhabitants, my heart was moved with compassion and I felt that I should like to have our society have a share in work for them. O, the neglected places are the places that should be looked after. It seems as if the different conferences should have special missionaries to look after such neglected districts and since the money of the Woman's Missionary Society is extra money, it would seem only right that what they give should go towards supporting some extra work.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS.

It seems to me that we have indeed come to the year in which the foreign fund should swell to twenty thousand dollars and the United Evangelical Church be able to begin work among the heathen. With the combined efforts of the Keystone League and the Woman's Missionary Society it may be accomplished. God has prospered us marvelously as a church. May we soon show in this way our gratefulness to him for all his goodness toward us. I feel that we should be able to make good use of our "Pledge Cards" this year for the foreign fund. I believe that they will prove very helpful in getting persons to decide upon giving a certain amount toward that fund. After they have pledged themselves, they can take any one of the various plans for gathering the money—thank-offering boxes, self-denial, the "extra-cent-a-day plan," by earning extra money, but studying the art of economy to save not only for ourselves, but for the Lord's work.

My experience of the past summer has brought me to think that one Woman's Missionary Day at camp-meetings should come after the Conference Missionary Day. Then after the people had given and subscribed to the conference collection what would be given to our work would be truly extra as it is intended. We stand on the threshold of another year's work. Let us enter its opening portals with true and loyal hearts ever looking unto

Jesus, ready to do all his biddings. Then, trusting in his strength alone, let us press *forward*.

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS, 1898.

Greetings, greetings to all on this the New Year's Day of our Woman's Missionary Society. Let us have a kindly benediction to rest on the work of the Old Year. I only wish I could express the joy and satisfaction I feel in thinking of the much good work that has been done and attempted by our good workers everywhere. Let us come with prayer and zeal to what there is to do during the twelve months before us, the waiting, fresh, mobile New Year, upon whose threshold we even now stand, the pulse-beats of whose nascent life must this instant be throbbing in our midst. Just now, as we are opening our meeting, the quadrennial General Conference begins its deliberations, and for what great things are we not hoping, yes, looking, as the outcome!

OUR RELATION TO THE CHURCH.

For we, as missionary women, have our high ambitions for the missionary achievements of our church. We take to ourselves the commands given the Christian disciples to publish abroad a knowledge of Jesus Christ. *We* feel that it is incum-

bent upon the Christian church to evangelize the world, even the uttermost parts of it. We are confident that a general missionary interest through our little branch of the Christian church would make it possible for her to participate in foreign mission work amply in proportion to her size, and that in the extension of her arms to help those far away, she will strengthen her powers and resources everywhere. We know that in order to engage in foreign missions she needs no moneyed friends, although they can make her possibilities all the greater. We have dreamed of the missionary power there would be, were our woman's societies re-inforced by the mighty sympathy of the church at large. Ah, we sometimes think, were all the church but instructed in missions, were all her members but generous toward missions! All that is what we hope for; and to educate her, as well as ourselves; to interest her, as well as to deepen our own interest, and to draw forth her gifts—such is our aim.

To interest and educate the *church*, and draw out *her* gifts? The whole church? Is that our field? Yes, at least that. Not less than the church. It is not our sole concern that we deal with our own membership, that we make our Woman's Missionary Society women zealous, intelligent, generous. We, as a Woman's Missionary Society, are a missionary organization and feel that we have a right and privilege to work with all those who are or can be interested in missions. If we have a more vital knowledge of missions and a livelier sense of our duty toward missions than others, is

it not for us to teach them? Is it not for us to lead them? Yes, it is our avowed high privilege to work for the whole church, to instruct our people everywhere on missions, and we then shall look, as a natural result, for their sympathy, co-operation and financial support.

However, in cherishing these aims with regard to the church, we realize that not the most apathetic person whom we would seek to enlist in our cause, is more alive than we to the fact that it takes more than a mere declaration or an exclamation to accomplish our aims. We would show ourselves ignorant of all human nature were we to suppose that time and persistence, repetition upon repetition, were not necessary. Just now in Philadelphia many women are working for the City Councils to provide much needed accommodations for numerous school children. One of these women, in referring to the labor necessary to achieve results, remarked, "If you tell people a thing once, they always forget it; if you tell them a thing every day, they never forget it." We cannot educate the church in a moment, nor interest her in a moment, nor draw out her gifts in a moment. We can, perhaps, in a moment touch some heart to a spasmodic sympathy, prayer, and gift. But that is not what we want as our ultimate achievement. We want a deeply underlying, all-permeating missionary spirit through our church. And to have that, we know that we must work patiently, perseveringly, energetically, steadily, having no more of the spasmodic in our methods than we wish to see in our results.

OUR CONCEPTION OF THE FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH.

We want our people to regard their association with the church not merely as a means of enjoying religious privileges, but as an entrance into activity for spreading a knowledge of God. We want them to take missionary money as much for granted as the pastor's salary. We want them to be as much interested in the conversion of their fellowmen as they are in the spirituality of their church prayer-meetings. We do not want our church to be a stagnant pool of water, but a flowing river, that nourishes the plains through which it passes. No missions mean stagnation, missions stand for Christian activity. The missionary spirit is the spirit of life; the non-missionary spirit is the lifeless, the motionless, the death-spirit. The non-missionary dwells upon itself, upon the one congregation, the one pastor, the one conference, the one country; the missionary spirit sees beyond the conflicts of one individual soul, beyond one church edifice, beyond one conference. It can take in all the world of souls into its large heart and mind. And paradoxical as it may seem, the missionary spirit, while dwelling on others, is a greater power in the higher growth of self than the non-missionary spirit, which makes self its object. We need not set apart a portion of ourselves and, as it were, label it "Missionary Department." Let the missionary be our state of being, our general attitude, our spirit. We want our church to be one grand, great mission, we

want every aspect of its work to glow with a halo of missionary interest, we want every member to be missionary. Had I the power, I would not stop at organizing a Woman's Missionary Society in every congregation and making every woman a member of it, I would want so to enlarge its borders as to admit every man in a full membership and would then want to incorporate the society, as it would then stand into the body of the church so that it would no longer be a distinct society, but would be of the church itself, so that no one would enter into the communion of the United Evangelical Church, but would by that act identify himself with missions at home and abroad. Then, indeed, the church would be able to fulfil her function of functions, her peculiar function of evangelizing the world.

UNIFYING THE CHURCH AND MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It is with this conception of the function of the church and of missions that we wish to approach our work. (My dear fellow workers, I know that I am now speaking to some of our foremost women, who have thought out for themselves much of what I have said and will go on through my address to say, but when I speak I take the society as a whole, and am now referring to it as a whole.)

We wish thoroughly to understand, and we wish to permeate our work with the idea that the church fundamentally is a missionary force and that it is our aim to assist in infusing a missionary spirit throughout the church.

When we come to put our ideas into practice, we will find it would be very helpful if we could identify missionary work more closely with what is ordinarily termed the usual church work. In the past there has been some suggestion of this on my part and there have been some manifestations of it in some of our societies, and I believe that by laying emphasis on it and by trying to work it out, we shall gain much toward the achievement of our aim.

MISSIONS IN THE CHURCH PRAYER-MEETING.

There is the church prayer-meeting which I have often before mentioned in this connection. Let the missionary idea find its way there. Many people, fluent usually, often do not know what to pray or what to say in connection with missions. Many of you will recall, as I speak, the visit paid the prayer-meeting by our wide-awake Chicago auxiliary and what a mutual stimulus it was felt to be. If there is more than one class in the congregation can they not meet together once a month for the missionary topic? Personally, I believe that in most congregations it would be better to give the Woman's Missionary Society program at that time in the hearing of all the prayer-meeting goers instead of separately before our own numbers only, or with the pastor, or, very seldom, a few others. Interest would in this way be developed among many who would otherwise be indifferent, and missionary information, at all events, would be disseminated. The program, too, would, I think,

be improved. The larger and more promiscuous audience would stimulate the women of the society to do their best and would give an opportunity for more men and outsiders to take part. The business could be transacted after the prayer-meeting, or, in good season before.

IN THE CHURCH SERVICE: THE PASTOR.

We may venture something more than the church prayer-meeting in order to increase the intimacy between the church and missions. And we have sometimes ventured it. We may enter into the church service proper. Some of our pastors occasionally preach a missionary sermon, either prompted by their own inclinations, or at the request of the Board of Missions, or through our efforts. Or, if they are thoroughly interested in missions themselves, they and their audience too will find the missionary idea asserting itself in one way or another in other sermons and at other times; here a remark, there a suggestion, an exhortation, some missionary facts. Those are the pastors after our own heart—the Woman's Missionary Society heart!—and they are just the sort of pastors which we wish to help in developing our work. We want to interest the indifferent pastor; to enlist him as our ally; to give missionary facts, and lend him our missionary books; to urge him to preach missionary sermons. This is work that some of us are doing, and it is a work of great importance.

The pastor is by tradition the shepherd of the flock. All the people are accustomed to regard him as knowing just a little more about the teachings of the Bible and the work of the church than anyone else. His business is church work. In anything to do with church work, he is usually taken as authority, although there are always people who think independently. . His attitude can almost guarantee the success or failure of any undertaking. If he is indifferent the people think it cannot be of much account. Wherever I go in my work of organization, I realize this fact. Throughout the church life his is the dominant figure. If he lead at all, should he not be at the van with the Christian missionary enlightenment of our day, the instructor of the people on missions? What an ally is the pastor to gain, and how careful should we be in our efforts to win his sympathy!

IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Sunday-school as a Sunday-school can have a missionary side. Why not have a periodical Sunday-school missionary rally? The local Woman's Missionary Society, and Young People's Missionary Society, and Mission Band can help with the program. So can the Sunday-school officers and teachers, whether they are members of the missionary societies or not. Let the regular lesson be somewhat curtailed, have missionary music—solo, quartette and congregational singing, a recitation or

some other missionary exercise, and a good, brief, address, and gather in the pennies for missions.

MISSIONARY RALLIES.

But the Sunday-school rally suggests other rallies, which in their various forms we have found potent in developing missionary interest. I am glad that their number is increasing. At many camp-meetings Woman's Missionary Society Day is coming to be a regular feature, without it some would seem incomplete. At Perkasio Park this summer a returned missionary from Japan of the M. E. Church, and a Macedonian student for the ministry and your president each addressed the meeting. Woman's Missionary Society mottoes and appropriate music added to the missionary atmosphere. In Baltimore the fifteen members of the Olive Branch Woman's Missionary Society held a series of "At Homes" to their friends. Musical and literary programs were rendered and refreshments were served attractively on decorated tables, thus realizing for the society about twenty-five dollars. The society at North Dixon, Illinois, for their Thank-Offering meeting invited their sisters from several neighboring towns to meet with them in the afternoon. They had a short, interesting program, light refreshments and an offering of \$7. At a number of places speakers from auxiliaries of our Woman's Missionary Society addressed public missionary meetings. Among these were some of our veteran speakers Mrs. Divan, Mrs. Shenberger, Mrs.

McLean, Mrs. Jamison, Miss Grace Wiest, Mrs. Albright, and Miss Bordlemay, all of them so genuinely and whole-heartedly in sympathy with the work for which they speak that they can not fail to do good.

The rally at Albright College perhaps we may now with great rejoicing regard as a regular annual occurrence. Last fall some of the Woman's Missionary Society women were quick enough to waylay some of our Woman's Board delegates, show them the attractive college and invite them to participate in a program of missionary music and addresses. One of our brother champions, Rev. B. J. Smoyer, also was there and spoke. You will certainly agree with me that an occasion like this is good for our young students. They often have special influence over their home companions. Let us make it a missionary influence. They may not hear about missions at home. Let us teach them. Or they hear a great deal about missions at home. Let us not allow them to forget at college. We want our educated young people to be educated on missions. One of our young men who went to Yale College while there was greatly stirred in a zeal for missions. Would that the young people who go to our institutions might be similarly roused! We would like at least one annual missionary rally at each of our educational centers, and a regular monthly missionary prayer-meeting. In connection with missionary rallies, Mr. Newton Dubs' missionary stereopticon lecture may be mentioned as a most attractive and instructive program

for one. The pictures tell so much and so well and his accompanying address is so impressively missionary, that the two together can do much in public meetings. I wish many more auxiliaries might be organized, as that at Millersville was a result of his lecture and I wish many congregations would write him to address the public under their auspices.

THE MONTHLY PROGRAM.

There are none of us, I suppose, but realize that there are great possibilities educationally in the program for our monthly meetings, and yet I believe that very few can look back to the meetings each month of our respective auxiliaries as having fulfilled their possibilities. If we wish to argue for missions must we not have facts, if we wish to teach others about the heathen or about missionary work, must we not know something about the heathen and about mission work to tell? Nearly every one has general ideas of the misery of foot-binding in China, of children sacrificed to reptiles in India, of slave and rum abominations in Africa, and of a general degradation of women throughout heathendom, and perhaps some further ideas, crude enough. Perhaps every one could mention the names of a missionary or two, and at all events say that Christian churches generally are establishing missions throughout heathendom, and that these missions are not nearly adequate to the needs. But — can the average member of our Wo-

man's Missionary Society refute the argument that foreign missions are a failure by facts from some actual mission station? Can she enumerate with definiteness the physical, unspeakable sufferings that heathen religions directly inflict upon women? Can she compare with reference to conditions in the present world and hopes for the future, the Christian faith with any one heathen belief? Can she relate the heroic achievements and romantic exploits of some one, just one celebrated missionary? The answers to these questions she *may* get in her private reading. *Perhaps*. It is possible. But we cannot as a society depend on any such contingency as that.

Let us give our meetings the atmosphere of an interesting study-class. It would be an enormous help if each auxiliary could, as the Harrisburg auxiliary has done, buy a missionary library, if it be no more than a few standard books. At all events, for the convenience of those who cannot have access to more than can be put into the limited space of *Tidings*, I would strongly urge adding (sometimes I know it has been done) to the program matter, a short list of the books and magazines that pertain to the subject. Will not those who have charge of the program bear this in mind? Another suggestion: Let us more generally encourage individual work. In preparing a program, why not divide it into topics, as occasionally has been done, so that there will be opportunity for a number of persons to participate? For example, let us suppose that the subject for a certain month is Uganda,

Africa. The Program Committee can furnish the following topics: 1. Uganda and Its People; 2. Mackay; 3. Mtesa and Mwanga; 4. Bishop Harrington; 5. Persecution; 6. Bishop Tucker; 7. Latest Martyrs; 8. Outlook for Uganda. Besides furnishing their topics and the usual material in *Tidings*, let them remind the auxiliaries of the E. M. Bliss's Encyclopedia of Missions, of the Church Missionary Atlas, of the Life of Mackay, of the *Missionary Review* for June and July, 1897, and of Dr. Pierson's *Miracles of Missions*, all of which will furnish additional information. The topics can be assigned to eight different members for them to handle, each for a few, definite number of minutes, either by written papers, by speaking, or by reading from book or periodical. Some discussion may follow, or questions, or music. As a change, the studies can be somewhat curtailed; and more music be added and other exercises. But let the general spirit of the meeting be one of missionary study. I am aware, while making these suggestions, of the movement among our Illinois women for Reading Circles, for which I am particularly glad, because it signifies an interest in missionary study and a recognition of its importance. Where Missionary Reading Circles can be successfully carried on, they will be productive of much good, of that I am certain. I am not so confident as to whether or not our auxiliaries in general will find it practicable to have them. But the monthly program we all have, and of it much can be made.

OUR GIFTS.

Our offerings to missions, the gathered littles from our friends, the mightier larger contributions, what a stewardship we have over them! What a sacrifice they sometimes represent! What prayers and sympathy accompany them! It is most gratifying to know of the many generous offerings our women have made. Highland Park, Illinois, in two years has given \$500.00, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in one day raised \$98.00, the fifteen members of Groveland, Illinois, average \$4.49 a member. These are good gifts. So are others that I have no time to enumerate. Our own giving, however, as I have already intimated, is not our only concern. We want that, but not that only. It is one of our aims to draw forth the gifts of the church. We want to educate our people along the line of giving. A church body of Baptist working people in Philadelphia average \$10.00 annually a member for missions. When their pastor was asked to explain their ability to do it, he replied: "Oh, I make giving a part of their religion!" So does the Bible. The story shows two things—the influence of the pastor and the fact that when one wishes to give, the money somehow from somewhere will come. In connection with this, we want always to bear in mind that money is not our direct aim. Gifts are the natural accompaniment or result of a condition that we wish to bring about—a deep, abiding missionary spirit. With this spirit in the church any of the numerous ways of raising money will work, without

it none will work to the best advantage. However, smoothly running machinery has its effect in making the engine go, even if it cannot take the place of steam power. So it is with the various expedients devised for raising money. We now have thank-offering boxes and self-denial envelopes for the Penny a Day Plan. A number of our auxiliaries use them. What a goodly sum we would realize were our auxiliaries to offer some receptacle for the operation of the Penny-a-Day Plan to all members of their respective congregations, the receptacles, whether boxes, envelopes or home-made pouches to be returned in one month, three months, six months, or a year, as the society at each place saw fit.

MISSIONARY READING.

Books are often the making of men and women; the shortest story will sometimes influence an entire life-time—such is the power of literature. Realizing this, let us not rest until our little banner, *Missionary Tidings*, which is our chief dependence in circulating missionary reading, floats above every United Evangelical home. It is a great pleasure to learn of every one that has added to the list of subscribers. A number of our ladies secured ten new names each. I still believed as I believed a year ago, that each auxiliary, and more than that, each congregation should have an agent for *Tidings*. And I think that our branch organizations should feel it incumbent upon themselves to attend to this

matter. They can ascertain the names of the different charges, and, where we have no auxiliary, through the minister or someone else get the name of some suitable lady to act as agent. There might be a little difficulty where there are no auxiliaries, but the effort, I think, should be made and believe the results will be encouraging. These agents can also be repositories for our other forms of missionary literature and can call for subscriptions at missionary rallies, and, elsewhere, as they have opportunity to increase the list. The missionary banner that waves above our home, we want to have show the true missionary color and bear the watchwords of missions, and all that is done in the making of it we want to enhance its beauty and power. A few suggestions as to the management and control of *Tidings* may be helpful. It would be my plan to have but one editor and she is to have full responsibility. Only in this way I believe perfect unity in the paper can be preserved. I would wish, however, that the different Branch Organizations appoint regular correspondents to *Tidings* in behalf of their Woman's Auxiliaries, the Young People's Societies and the Children's Bands, who would give accounts from time to time of the work done within their conference limits.

Many of you must have observed that missionary papers very generally insert advertisements. It is needless to remind you that advertisements increase the income of a paper. Shall we make an effort to get some. But a mention of other missionary papers recalls the fact that there is a paper entitled *Mis-*

sionary Tidings besides our own paper. Shall we again touch on the subject of changing the name of our paper. Just a word about the missionaries that go from among us and their relation to our paper. I suggest that a list of all under whatever mission board they go or expect to go, be inserted prominently in *Tidings*, and that they be remembered particularly in our prayers. Also that *Tidings* be sent regularly to each of them, to be paid by the Woman's Missionary Society. Also that letters or other contributions on missionary topics be solicited from them.

Besides our paper, we have the reading furnished by our Bureau of Literature. I remember a few years ago being called to account by one of our ministers for our society not publishing literature of our own. It is a great pleasure to know that we can now point to quite a number of leaflets and tracts of our own writing, and also to know—although this pleasure is mixed with regret—that there are a number of articles that could be published if our funds warranted our doing so. One of the latest publications is the pamphlet entitled *Hints and Helps*, prepared by the Executive Committee to answer the questions that come up in our auxiliaries as to the management of their societies and to be a guide generally for them. Our auxiliaries should not only get copies of this pamphlet but study them with care. Through the generosity of a friend, whose name by request is withheld, the Bureau this year was enabled to send out to every minister in the church a leaflet entitled *The Pastor and For-*

eign Missions. This was a work worth doing. Of all our people, our ministers should be educated on missions.

We do not wish to pass by the subject of Missionary Reading without again mentioning the missionary library of the auxiliary at Harrisburg. They have bought a number of good standard missionary books. These books are not only invaluable helps in the monthly study, but can take the form of a circulating library and thus reach some who do not come to the meetings.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

You will all agree with me, I think, that there is special importance attached to our work for the young. In them lie our hopes for the future. Our church now is not so filled with the missionary spirit as we would like to be. Educate the young people and the church of the future will be a great improvement in this respect on that of the present. If we teach the young people now, in their later years they will be interested in missions and accustomed to support them. Give the infant children Cradle Roll Certificates, as they grow up, put them into Mission Bands as you put them into Kindergartens, and from the Missionary Kindergarten let them advance step by step in missionary education and service until in their riper years they can continue training and knowledge with maturer ability and wisdom. Do not we often regret our lack of information on missionary subjects, our

want of drill in the work of the Woman's Missionary Society? Are our children to be under the same disadvantages that we are under? *Are they* not to be instructed *when we have the means* with which to instruct them? Some of them are almost ready to take our places, to come in and join with us. They are the all-important young people whom we must watch. If the boys and girls will be allowed to drift away from the missionary societies just as they are beginning to have wills and tastes of their own, and at the very eve of their becoming their own masters; if they will be neglected then it is more than likely that they will be led to occupations and interests other than missionary work, and the influence of the Mission Bands cannot be expected to be strong enough to hold them for us. Keep them at this critical, formative period, and we keep them, in all likelihood, for life. Our work for them is extremely important and has two special features. The first is our special interest, object in keeping the young people: they are making their decisions and choices now, in a large measure for life. When we get them, we are pretty certain of holding them. In the second place, this work with them must be handled carefully, in order to win them. Children will do things that do not specially attract them, because their parents tell them to; grown people do uninteresting things from a sense of duty; the young people somehow often do as they please, just as their fancy dictates. Now, we want our young people to fancy the missionary cause; and if we want that, we must have good work for them. Their

monthly meeting should be such, that they will enlighten on missionary topics the minds of all present. At the same time there should be variety in the presentation of the program from month to month, and always plenty of music. Give the young people, themselves, plenty to do on the program. At the missionary rallies they can assist greatly. I am glad for the organizations there have begun to be among our young people. A year from to-day may we be able to count many more, many many more Young People's Missionary Societies!

A little younger than these young people come the members of the Mission Bands who are learning almost in babyhood the priceless lesson of thinking of and doing for others. Dear little ones and your dear leader who for ten years has been faithfully and lovingly watching over you and planning much for you, my heart and my hopes, are with you all. If our little ones will not grow up to a live missionary interest from where can we expect help to carry on the great work to which we look forward for our church, to what will our plans and present work come? How many Mission Band leaders have adopted as one of their means of enlarging their society, the recommendation of the Woman's Board of last year for a Mission Band birthday reception to the Sunday-schools of the church, where an explanation of the Band's work is given and new members received? Why not to that recommendation add the suggestion that an announcement be made at the reception about the Cradle Roll Certificates. The wee ones are coming

in and we want them to come in in larger and larger numbers. The idea of counting them as tiny missionary workers is very beautiful, and will, I am sure, be of real help in developing in the children a missionary spirit. And ought not every member of the Wee Band have his or her name printed in the children's own paper, *The Missionary Evangelical*?

FOREIGN WORK.

As eager as I am to launch out, as it were, upon this subject, I will detain myself just long enough to wonder whether or not our friends who are inclined to regard us as "all for foreign" have observed that of one year's total receipts amounting to \$6,630.50, or more than two-thirds have been appropriated to Home Mission work. Without further discussion on my part let these figures be the most convincing proof of our interest in Home Missions.

Foreign work has long been our aim and ambition. Somehow to-day we throb with a new hope, a present, a lively hope. We look for an opportunity. Do we know just what sort of an opening we desire? Do we know just what sort of work we feel able to take upon ourselves? Do we know whether or not we wish to take up the foreign work immediately? Do we know where we wish to go—to Africa, Asia, Mexico, Brazil? Do we know just what we wish to do there? Do we know our minds as to whether the church should work independently or

whether it should work under the Board of another denomination? It will be well for us as a body to ponder these questions and to make a decision as far as possible on each of them, not because we imagine that the ultimate decision in regard to any one of them will rest with us. That we know lies with another body to which we are auxiliary, but because these questions have to do with our own work and should therefore be thoroughly understood and answered by us, and because we have a voice, whether very influential or not, in determining final judgment on them.

The most vital of these questions is that relating to the independence as a church body in carrying on a foreign mission. Perhaps we may consider now a few of the more important considerations it involves.

Working alone will mean independent and entire control of the mission and a direct extension of the United Evangelical Church, and it would also mean greater expense and increased difficulties in administration. Working under some other Board will mean an economy of money and administrative difficulty, and a sacrifice, at least to a degree, of our control of the mission, and of propagating our own church! Just how much would be sacrificed is a question. Mr. Barton thinks that under the American Board, of which he is secretary, we would be able to take up a mission station, or perhaps more than one. The stationing of missionaries would be left to the Prudential Committee of the Board, but the missions to a large extent would be self-gov-

erning. Dr. Pierson, of the *Missionary Review*, thinks that with whatever body we would work, if our support would warrant it, we could have a representative on the Board to voice our views. In any case we should have full credit for all converts made through our instrumentality.

Now the question is: Which way will be the better for us as a church to pursue? Not what you and I will individually fancy, but what will further the evangelization of the world? How shall we decide?

PRAYER AND MISSIONS.

Let us, just as I am about to close, ponder reverentially, as I read a few words from Andrew Murray's *The Holy Spirit and Missions*.

"If our interest (in missions) is to be permanent and personal," he says, "if it is to be a personal enthusiasm of love and devotion to our blessed Lord and the lost he came to save, if it is to be fruitful in raising the work of the church to the true level of Pentecostal powers, we must learn well the lesson from Antioch. Mission work must find its initiative and its power in the distinct and direct acknowledgement of the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The origin, the progress, the success of missions are his. His who wakens in the hearts of all believers the jealousy for the honor of their Lord, the compassion to the souls of the perishing, the faith in his promise, the willing obedience to his commands, in which the mission takes its rise.

Missions are the special work of the Holy Spirit. No one may expect to be filled with the Spirit if he is not willing to be used for missions. No one who wishes to work or pray for missions need fear his feebleness or poverty: the Holy Spirit is the power that can fit him to take his divinely appointed place in the work. Let every one who prays for missions, and longs for more of a missionary spirit in the church, pray first and most that in every believer personally, and in the church and all its work and worship, the power of the indwelling Spirit may have full sway. Blessed the church and blessed the mission which the Spirit originates, where he is allowed to guide, and where the blessing is waited for from himself alone. 'Ten days' praying and waiting on earth, and the Spirit's descent in fire: this was the birth of the Church at Jerusalem. Ministering and fasting, and then again fasting and praying, and the Spirit sending forth Barnabas and Saul: this was at Antioch the consecration of the church to be a mission church. In waiting and prayer on earth, and then in the power of the Spirit from the Lord in heaven, is the strength, the joy, the blessing of the church of Christ and its missions."

MRS. ELIZABETH KRECKER.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS, 1902.

Dear Women of the Woman's Board:

Probably the desire of desires entertained in the hearts of the sisterhood of our Woman's Missionary Society is that the United Evangelical Church be a truly missionary church, permeated through and through with missionary zeal, giving largely and eagerly for the advancement of missions, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of missionary labors.

The church that gives to missions, prays for missions and labors for missions, is the church that is interested in missions.

And the church that is interested is the church that knows about missions. A knowledge of missionary enterprise is an unfailing stimulus in arousing missionary interest.

Missions in their sundry phases are so fraught with all that appeals to our minds and hearts that it is almost universally the case that the church member who is conversant with their aims and achievements is certain to be their loyal supporter.

Every year hundreds of lives are filled with inspiration and enthusiasm through the careful study of missions. It is in these studies they learn of the great need in unevangelized lands and find the solid facts regarding missions. Without such knowledge none of us can feel appreciatively the obligation to carry to all men the gospel of Christ.

When we have educated the church in missions, we have laid the firm foundations for deep and per-

ennial missionary interest, not a spasmodic impulsiveness, not a capricious zeal, to-day white hot with ardor, to-morrow lukewarm; but a steady luminous flame fed by intelligent comprehension. How can the church be educated in missions? Those of you who have followed the proceedings of the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto, may recall that six addresses were given there on the question of the missionary education of the home church, and that these treated of young people and children, the college and seminary, the press, the pulpit and the pastor. Through what mediums can a body like our own Woman's Missionary Society reach the members, young and old, of our own beloved Zion?

By our monthly meetings, our public meetings, our conventions, our literature. These are our regular agencies for disseminating missionary knowledge. Further than this, we can find a sphere of influence in the church colleges, in the church Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings and other services, our influence over the pastors and our personal influence, individually and collectively in the church communities whereof we are members.

On some of these mediums let me dwell more particularly; first, on missionary reading matter which is weighty with power. "If the victory is won, and the victory will be won—it will not come as the result of some sudden and brilliant dash, but through the slow and calculating methods of the siege. The loving voice and personal influence always have been and always will be the greatest

factors in the winning of the victory. But it is not always possible to bring together upon the strategic point that living voice and personal influence. The printed page goes where personal influence is unfelt; it abides after the voice has ceased to speak." The missionary book informs the ignorant, convinces the skeptical, strengthens the fainthearted and arouses the indifferent to a sense of the world's need.

A prominent New York publisher, we are told, states that he can trace the influence of missionary books of the past decade in the changing attitude of the public toward missions, and that the missionary literature of the past four or five years has served favorably to alter editorial opinion in respect to missions. Our Memorial Library, founded by Mrs. W. J. Gruhler, in its increasing popularity, is indicative of most far-reaching results. Altogether beyond calculation are the precious influences which are diffused by these volumes in homes in town, village and country throughout our church limits which they have entered.

Those who have read one of the books can be of much service by speaking of it to some one else who might be interested in it. Many a friend who would never think of picking up a "missionary book" as such, might find an intense interest in one of the many romantic and thrilling missionary stories now published, which in the reading would create in them not only a feeling of sympathy for missions, but a desire to help in the cause,—just because the book was tactfully and entertainingly rec-

commended by some one who had read it. In the same way leaflets can be given to this or that person who is indifferent to missions, but who would find its subject matter a source of human interest and hence stimulation. Or the contents of a leaflet can be remembered and repeated verbally to some one whom we think would find it entertaining.

Mr. John W. Wood, at the Toronto Convention, said: "Ask the secretary of your Board to put your name on a list of those who receive every new leaflet as it is issued. If he has no such list ask him to start it and put your name at the top."

We can apply to our Superintendent of Literature. I have sent in my name. Possibly we have not read all the leaflets that have been catalogued in *Tidings*. If we will make the best possible use of this means of advancing the cause of missions we will witness telling results, I am confident. As the leaflets come in, study them in relation to the individual cases you come in contact with.

In the libraries of our Sunday-schools we have another field for our missionary literature. I would recommend as a feature of the work of the Committee on Literature, that they supervise an investigation of the Sunday-school libraries of the church and see what can be done to supply the libraries with missionary books. Each auxiliary could take its own library in charge, making a report of the conditions that obtain and what can be done to meet the need. A Sunday-school Library Evening observed simultaneously throughout the Sunday-schools might not be a bad idea; an entertainment

with the collection or admission fees appropriated to the missionary Sunday-school books.

Another center for missionary reading is the college library. We want missionary books for the young people of our educational institutions. The young people in them are generally of an age when their future careers are problematic. The reading of missionary books, found in a college library, may turn the attention of many a young woman or man to the needs of foreign mission fields for educated, capable young workers.

Again at our colleges we find many young men expecting to study for the ministry. Considering the weighty influence of the pastor in molding the opinions of his parishioners can we afford to let slip this opportunity of creating in their minds an attitude of sympathy and appreciation of the missionary movement?

Again it is sometimes not long after the closing of school days that students become husbands, wives, fathers, and mothers. The memory of a single powerful missionary book perused at their *Alma Maters* may imbue them with the lofty aim of infusing a missionary spirit into their families.

Christian Endeavor Societies have arranged quarterly missionary topics. Let us do our utmost to persuade them to take up our monthly studies and organize Young People's Missionary Societies.

Let the Sunday-school be our next objective point. In speaking of missionary work among young people, Dr. Chivers, of Brooklyn, has said, "But we must begin further back. The founda-

tion must be laid in our Sunday-schools. There must be a work of early seed-sowing. In my judgment the time has come when leaders in missionary work must knock at the doors of the International Sunday-school Committee and at the doors of the Sunday-school Boards of our various denominations and plead for systematic missionary instruction in the Sunday-schools of the land. The missionary concert once a year, with a collection taken at that time, will not suffice. A quarterly missionary exercise is inadequate to present the great subject of missions—the conditions and needs of the wide world and the story of missionary achievement. The time has come in my judgment when there ought to be a graded course of supplemented missionary instruction in our Sunday-schools, and when a little time of each of its sessions be given to this work.”

What can we do to promote missionary instruction in our own Sunday-schools? It is needless to wait for the International Sunday-school Committee to prepare missionary lessons. Let us have a committee on missionary literature, consisting of the editor of *Tidings*, the editor of *Missionary Evangelical*, and the Superintendent of the Bureau of Literature, who could prepare or supervise the preparation of brief lessons and publish them in *Tidings* or elsewhere as appropriate and place them before our Sunday-school superintendents and workers. We *can* do it. *Let* us do it.

In addition to missionary books in our colleges, let us work for definite missionary training for the

students. Where there are none such why not have a missionary study class, meeting regularly once a week under the direction of some proper leader? This matter may be put in the charge of the respective conference Branches in whose territory the colleges exist.

The question of missionary education through the medium of the pulpit, the church mid-week service and public prayer has frequently been brought in one form or another before the Woman's Board. I am convinced that each one of us feels an increasing certainty that the pastor's interest in missions is of paramount importance in the furtherance of our work and of the missionary education of the church. A pastor cannot be afire with missionary zeal without sooner or later kindling enthusiasm among his congregation. Happily the number of wholly or partially indifferent clergy is constantly on the decrease. Let us aim to awaken all to a sense of the influence they can exert by the mention of missions in the pulpit in sermons and in prayer.

Cannot we use our influence for quarterly or monthly missionary sermons on fixed dates throughout the church and make it our concern to suggest topics for the sermons and publish suggestive material in the *Tidings* at the proper time? Some one of our own number or some "missionary minded minister" might be glad to attend to the matter for *Tidings*.

There are many women who feel that they cannot leave home to attend the Woman's Missionary

meetings and hence do not become members of the local auxiliaries. In order to meet their needs for missionary education and to secure them as members of the society, I would recommend a Home Department of the Woman's Missionary Society. Let such women, as I have mentioned, be admitted as members and be provided with the literature used at the monthly meetings. Each member of the Home Department would agree to lay aside regular monthly dues and spend a specified amount of time in every month in reading missionary literature, following out the programs published in *Tidings*.

Another suggestion that has come to me is for Penny and Prayer Bands. A cent a day, half a cent a day, two cents a week, as each may wish laid aside regularly with a prayer for missions. Such bands may be formed anywhere, inside and outside the Woman's Missionary Society, without officers or meetings, with one member appointed to collect the money and to keep the names of the band and report funds to the Woman's Missionary Society recording secretary.

MILESTONES OF PAST YEAR'S PROGRESS.

When considering the milestones of missionary progress passed by the church during the past year, we instinctively turn first to the conditions that obtain in China.

There is something inspiring in the thought of having begun our foreign mission at the opening of the twentieth century, at a time when there are

openings, opportunities and privileges such as never before existed.

Our missionaries have really begun gospel work. By means of the kodak and the kind thoughtfulness of our dear missionaries, all the readers of *Tidings* have had a view of the inside of the chapel which has been formally opened. And in imagination we can see those backless seats filled with the tawny Chinese. But what is of far greater interest is the fact that priceless souls are being told the sweet story of old, of Jesus and his love.

It seems to me we ought to hold a prayer and praise meeting especially to thank God for the progress our missionaries have been able to make, and for his protecting care.

Surely the church does not intend to leave the support of the mission rest upon the Woman's Missionary Society. It will without doubt put forth efforts to do its part of the supporting, but that is no reason why we should not work as hard as ever to increase the interest in our foreign mission. Let us labor as we never did before.

Among other encouraging marks of progress let us recall the fact that all our conferences are now organized and that the Branch conventions were enthusiastic and evinced forward movement all along the line.

In order that we may enter upon all practicable plans with enthusiasm, let us ever remember that: "Because of the infinite need of men without Christ; because of the possibilities of men of every race and condition who take Christ as the Lord of their lives ;

because of the command of our Lord which has acquired added force as a result of nineteen centuries of discovery, of opening of doors, of experience of the Christian Church; because of the shameful neglect of the past; because of the impending crisis and the urgency of the situation in all parts of the non-Christian world; because of the opportunity for a greatly accelerated movement in the present; because of the danger of neglecting to enter upon a great onward movement; because of the constraining memories of the cross of Christ and the love wherewith he loved us, it is the solemn duty of the Christians of this generation to do their utmost to evangelize the world. And let us pray with another:

“Give me Thy heart O Christ! Thy love untold
That I like thee may pity, like Thee may preach,
For round me spreads on every side a waste,
Drearer than that which moved Thy soul to sadness;
No ray hath pierced this immemorial gloom;
And scarce these darkened toiling myriads taste
Even a few drops of fleeting earthly gladness,
As they move on, slow, silent, to the tomb.”

ELIZABETH KRECKER.

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